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THE PAULINE EPISTLES

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AMONG the writings of the New Testament the Epistles of Paul form a distinct group; and unless, as some suppose, the Epistle of James be an exception, they are the earliest in date. If we are to interpret them truly, it is of the utmost importance that we should clearly understand, and bear in mind, their real nature. They have been practically treated as though they were not only Sacred Scripture but one continuous theological treatise, a sort of Pauline 'Confession of Faith.' Even great critics have sometimes dealt with them as though they were an elaborate and final statement of the whole of Paul's thought and teaching, and maintained that he did not know or care to know anything that is not there enunciated. Nothing can be further from the fact. They are simply a collection of his most important letters, brought together and published we know not when, but almost certainly after his death. They were addressed on special occasions to particular churches or individuals; and they deal with topics about which he had been consulted, or which were of consequence for the immediate welfare of the churches, or in which he himself was most interested at the time. They were written in the popular Greek of his day, and even his religious vocabulary has many striking resemblances to the current language of religion. No doubt the matter, of the longer Epistles especially, was carefully thought out and arranged; but he disclaims any resort to 'the wisdom of men,' and his style, though it sometimes rises into noble eloquence, owes its beauty, not to rules of the rhetoricians, but to his own powerful and original genius. His grandest thoughts are not the product of intellectual study, but well up irrepressibly from the depths of religious emotion; and consequently the expression of them is sometimes so condensed or so figurative as to be obscure to the merely intellectual judgment, and to require in the interpreter a kindred spiritual fire. There is probably no writer who demands so profound a sympathy to reach the heart of his meaning; and to turn this glowing soul, with its passionate faith, its untiring zeal, its consuming love, into a dry theological pedant would be to obscure with a veil of misunderstanding the whole of his life and work. But this being so, we must feel much diffidence as we proceed; for it is not given to the wren to follow the eagle's flight.

We may now survey more nearly the causes which contributed to the production of this unique correspondence.

First of all, it expresses the affection which the Apostle felt towards his disciples in the various towns which he had visited. The emotion of a highly strung and sensitive nature is everywhere apparent. Many passages are marked by an overflowing tenderness; and when he is driven into vehement rebuke, his indignation soon dies away into a pleading gentleness. And while he so abundantly loved, he longed for an answering love and sympathy. It is evident that misunderstanding and alienation gave him acute pain; and when he was treated with injustice, he did not maintain a proud and disdainful silence,

but became 'a fool in glorying,' that he might not only maintain the authority which was needed for the success of his mission, but regain that place in the hearts of believers which he seemed for a time to have lost. The Epistles which are least marked by doctrinal and practical discussions had their source mainly in the impulses of affection.

Connected with this was the desire to encourage the young communities of Christians to be steadfast under the pressure of attacks from without. The Christian movement was constantly attended by persecution. Persecution may be no less real though it is not organised by the state, and does not appeal to the magistrate. It may inflict various kinds of social injustice; and the ill-will of all one's neighbours may be harder to bear than a formal prosecution. In such circumstances constancy and calmness are the two requisite virtues,—constancy against a desertion of the faith, calmness against fanaticism; and the Apostle, apprehensive for his unseasoned converts, encourages and warns by letter those whom he could no longer address by word of mouth.

Another reason for correspondence was afforded by the necessity of advising on questions which arose within the churches themselves. For instance, views which deranged the moral order of life were entertained in regard to the second coming of Christ. Difficulties were started respecting marriage, and especially the union between believers and unbelievers. The rules which Christians ought to observe in regard to the use of meat, which was sold in the markets after it had been offered in sacrifice to idols, were open to difference of opinion, and required nice adjustment between the claims of Christian liberty and the obligation of fidelity to conviction. On such points the Apostle was consulted, either through messengers or by letter; and in reply he sent his own weighty decisions in writing. A different class of questions sprang from the internal conduct of the societies; and acting on information conveyed to him by friends, Paul thought it well to tender his advice or even to administer rebuke. For example, at Corinth there was a great outbreak of party-spirit; the plainest dictates of morality were violated with apparent impunity; the Lord's Supper was conducted with an almost incredible irreverence. And, lastly, doctrinal errors had to be corrected. There were some at Corinth who affirmed that there was no resurrection of the dead. Paul meets this position by an elaborate argument, and endeavours to show that a doctrine of resurrection is involved in the essence of Christianity. He treats the error as more than speculative, and as likely to produce evil conduct; but he utters no word of rebuke, and does not suggest the excommunication of the mistaken thinkers. It is well to contrast this with his treatment of the question of moral purity. He is, however, much more severe towards the Judaizers, and pronounces an anathema against them.[1] But this too is very instructive. What he condemns in them is not a speculative error on obscure and difficult questions, but a narrow and intolerant bigotry, which, if allowed to prevail, would have strangled Christianity, and made the faith of Christ of none effect. The consideration of such questions must have contributed not a little to the clearing and unfolding of Paul's thought. I see no evidence that he started with a cut and dried scheme of doctrine. Rather was he imbued with great spiritual principles, which he applied as occasion arose; and when fresh questions came before him, he resolved them first by the intuition of the spiritual mind, and then reasoned them out for intellectual presentation. In interpreting his writings we must reverse the process, and pass behind the intellectual form to the spiritual suggestion.

The correspondence, the origin of which I have thus endeavoured to describe has not come down to us in its completeness. It is possible that Paul wrote many letters which perished through various causes. One such is apparently alluded to in I Corinthians v. 9. It is probable, however, that any letter of the first importance was carefully preserved, and it is hardly probable that we have lost anything which would have added materially to the value of the existing collection. The other side of the correspondence has totally disappeared. Presumably letters of inquiry were not thought to tend to edification; but to us they would be extremely interesting in bringing more vividly before us the feelings which his disciples entertained

[1] Gal. i. 8 sq.

for Paul, the kind of authority which they ascribed to him, and the way in which they were affected by the difficulties for which they sought a solution. We must, however, be content with inferences from the answers which are given by the Apostle; and, though there are many gaps in our information, the replies are sufficiently full to enable us to construct in imagination at least an adequate outline of the condition of the primitive churches. One of the lost letters from a church is referred to in I Corinthians vii. 1.

The Pauline Epistles are frequently spoken of as fourteen. This number, however, includes the Epistle to the Hebrews, which, though it has often been ascribed to Paul, does not profess to be by him, and is of uncertain authorship. The evidence that it was not written by Paul seems conclusive. The other thirteen Epistles all profess to come from Paul, and must consequently be treated as his unless proof be given of spuriousness. They fall naturally into certain groups. Nine of them are addressed to churches, and four to individuals. Of the former group the two to the Thessalonians must be placed first. They were probably written from Corinth during the second missionary journey, in or about the year 53.[1] Then, after an interval, come what we may distinguish as the four great Epistles, I and II Corinthians, Galatians, and Romans. The first letter to the Corinthians was written from Ephesus during the third missionary journey, early in the year 57. The second was despatched somewhat later from Macedonia. The date and place of composition of Galatians is uncertain, and it has been regarded both as the earliest and as the latest of the Epistles; but it may with some probability be placed in the same period of Paul's life as Corinthians and Romans. The Epistle to the Romans was sent from Corinth, probably in the early part of the year 58. After another interval come the three Epistles of the imprisonment, Ephesians, Colossians, and Philippians within which Ephesians and Colossians form a subdivision, being closely related to one another in substance, and apparently despatched at the same time. In what order these three Epistles were written, and whether at Cæsarea or Rome, must be left in some degree of uncertainty; but, if they are Paul's, I think there can be no reasonable doubt that they were written during the long imprisonment towards the end of his life.

For the most part these Epistles are addressed severally to the church in a particular town; but that to the Galatians appeals 'to the churches of Galatia,' and was evidently intended to be circulated over the district. It is possible that the epistle to the Ephesians was originally a circular letter, which afterwards became associated with the principal city in the province.

The letters to individuals also admit of subdivision. The two to Timothy and that to Titus are classed together under the name of the 'Pastoral Epistles,' because they deal with the duties of the pastoral office. That to Philemon is a purely private letter, asking him to accord a kind reception to a runaway slave whom Paul had converted.

Until modern times these Epistles were generally received as undoubtedly the work of the Apostle; but during the last century their genuineness has been attacked with all the resources of criticism. The name of F. C. Baur stands highest in this crusade against ancient belief. He, however, accepted far the most important among them, the four great Epistles, as unquestionably genuine, and used them as a certain standard by which to judge the rest. A few later theologians have gone far beyond Baur, and rejected all the Epistles, placing their composition considerably later than the apostolic age. Such opinions as the latter, if I may be permitted to say so, simply exhibit the foolery of criticism, and tend to bring discredit on its methods. They may at least teach us that true criticism requires a balanced and sober judgment even more than learning and acumen. On the whole I think the trend of carefully formed opinion has been to revise some of the conclusions of Baur in favour of the older belief; and at present we may say, speaking generally, that the four great Epistles maintain their place; the Pastoral Epistles are the most open to doubt, and the most frequently rejected; Ephesians and

[1] According to the chronology which has been generally adopted. Recent investigation makes it probable that the dates should be put back a couple of years, thus placing 1 Cor. in 55, and Romans in 56.

II Thessalonians are viewed with a less degree of suspicion; and the rest are accepted with considerable confidence. Mr. F. C. Conybeare, who has all a critic's scorn for 'apologists,' accepts all the Epistles as genuine,[1] though any one who did so forty years ago was contemptuously regarded as sunk in the bottomless mire of apologetics.

It is obvious from its character that this portion of the writings of the New Testament, consisting as it does of casual correspondence, cannot be understood except through some knowledge of the circumstances under which it was composed, and the state of opinion, and even the mode of expression, at the time. We may advantageously contrast it in this respect with two very different classes of composition; for our final doctrine of holy Scripture must depend largely on the actual nature of what we find there. The understanding of a catechism or creed, if at least we except certain phrases, is independent of temporary conditions. It is designed to set forth religious truths for all time, and in proportion to the perfection of its structure fails to betray its age. Similarly the highest form of devotional utterance seems to emanate from the eternal Spirit, and it matters not whether it was written yesterday or thousands of years ago. Now, though the Pauline Epistles contain timeless elements of both these kinds, they nevertheless, taken as a whole, plunge us into the doubts, the difficulties, the controversies, even the modes of reasoning of a particular period, and a somewhat varied knowledge must be combined with spiritual depth and sympathy in order to interpret them. They are not dry and authoritative statements, which we are to receive with passive acquiescence, but open their rich treasure-house only to the persevering student, who will add to his generous enthusiasm the laborious methods of the linguist and the historian. It is this careful study that makes us really masters of another's thought and brings us under the ennobling influence of greater minds; and thus the concentrated attention and wide research which these Epistles require tend to enlarge the mind and train the intellect, while at the same time we are appropriating thoughts which become a living power within us. Our faculty of spiritual discernment too receives a valuable discipline, because, instead of lazily accepting what is told us, we have to pass beneath the temporary controversy to the underlying principle, and draw forth from modes of argument and illustration so unlike our own the permanent truth by which the judgment of the Apostle was governed. Thus we receive from the Epistles mental and spiritual culture rather than dogmatic imposition. It is hardly necessary to add that those who are ignorant of Greek, and have no opportunity for exact scholarly study, must rely on the information of others; but having acquired this information, they may then form their own judgment under the guidance of their own religious experience.

[1] See his *Myth, Magic, and Morals, a Study of Christian Origins*, 1909, p. xvi., 2nd ed., 1910, p. xxvi. Certainly no Apologist could dismiss a difficult question more summarily. He says, 'Very few are now disputed by competent critics.' 'Competent critics' are presumably those who agree with Mr. Conybeare.

ISAAC T. HOPPER

A Hero of the Anti-Slavery Movement

HENRY RAWLINGS, M.A.

The Case of Ben Jackson

BEN was born a slave in Virginia. When he was about sixteen years old he began to think that a just and good God could not have meant that one man should be born to toil for another without wages, to be driven about and treated like a beast of the field. The older he grew, the more heavily did these thoughts press upon him. At last, when he was about twenty-five years old, he resolved to gain his liberty. He left his master, and, after encountering many difficulties, arrived in Philadelphia, where he took service on board a vessel and went several voyages. When he was thirty years of age he married, and was employed as a coachman by Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He lived with him two years; and when he left, Dr. Rush gave him a paper certifying that he was a free man, honest, sober, and capable.

In 1799 his master came to Philadelphia and arrested him as his fugitive slave. Before he could take him back to Virginia, however, he had to obtain a certificate from a magistrate, and fortunately the magistrate applied to was Joseph Bird, who detested slavery. Ben played his part with great skill. Neither admitting nor denying that he was a slave, he merely showed the certificate of Dr. Rush, and requested that Isaac T. Hopper might be informed of his situation. The magistrate agreed to this, and, committing Ben to prison until morning, sent a note to Isaac Hopper telling him of the case and requesting him to call upon Dr. Rush. When the doctor was questioned, he said he knew nothing about Ben's early history; he lived with him two years, and was *then* a free man.

Hopper's Device

When Hopper went to the prison, he found Ben in a state of great anxiety and distress. He admitted that he was the slave of the man who claimed him, and that he saw no way of escape open for him. His friend told him not to be discouraged, and promised to exert himself to the utmost in his behalf. But what could be done? Well, Hopper had noticed that the constable had expressed sympathy and had even promised to do what he could. This suggested an idea. He urged the constable to bring Ben to the magistrate's office a short time before nine o'clock, the hour appointed for the trial. He did so, and found Hopper already there, watching the clock. The moment the hand pointed to nine, he remarked that the hour had already arrived; no evidence had been brought that the man was a slave; on the contrary, Dr. Rush's certificate was strong presumptive evidence of his being a freeman; he therefore demanded that the prisoner should be discharged. Justice Bird, having no desire to throw obstacles in the way, promptly told Ben he was at liberty, and he lost no time in profiting by the information. Just as he passed out of the door, he saw his master coming, and ran full speed. He had sufficient presence of mind to take a zigzag course, and, running through a house occupied by coloured people, he succeeded in getting away.

Man-Hunters

When Hopper went home, he found Ben at his house. He tried to impress upon his mind the peril he would incur by remaining in Philadelphia, and advised him by all means to go to sea. But his wife was strongly attached to him, and so unwilling to consent to this plan, that he concluded to run the risk of staying with her. He remained concealed about a week, and then returned to the house he had previously occupied. They lived in the second storey, and there was a shed under their bedroom window. Ben placed a ladder under the window, to be ready for escape; but it was so short that it did not reach the roof of the shed by five or six feet. His wife was an industrious, orderly woman, and kept their rooms as neat as a beehive. The only thing which marred their happiness was the continual dread that man-hunters might pounce upon them, in some unguarded hour, and separate them for ever. About a fortnight after his arrest, they were sitting together in the dusk of the evening, when the door was suddenly burst open and his master rushed in with a constable.

Escape

Ben sprang out of the window, down the ladder, and made his escape. His master and the constable followed; but as soon as they were on the ladder, Ben's wife cut the cord that held it, and they tumbled heels over head upon the shed. This bruised them a good deal, and frightened them still more. They scrambled upon their feet, cursing roundly.

Ben arrived safely at the house of Isaac Hopper, who induced him to quit the city immediately and go to sea. His first voyage was to the East Indies. While he was gone Hopper negotiated with the master, who, finding there was little chance of regaining his slave, agreed to set him free for one hundred and fifty dollars. As soon as Ben returned, he repaid from his wages the sum which had been advanced for his ransom. His wife's health was greatly impaired by the fear and anxiety she had endured on his account. She became a prey to melancholy, and never recovered her former cheerfulness.

The Story of William Bachelor

It was a common thing for speculators in slaves to purchase runaways for much less than their original value, and take the risk of not being able to catch them. In the language of the trade this was called 'buying them running.'

In April, 1802, Joseph Ennells and Captain Frazer, of Maryland, dealers in slaves, purchased a number in this way, and came to Philadelphia in search of them. There they arrested and claimed as their property William Bachelor, a free coloured man, about sixty years old. A coloured man, whom the slave-dealers brought with them, swore before a magistrate that William Bachelor once belonged to a gang of slaves of which he was overseer; that he had changed his name, but that he knew him perfectly well.

William affirmed in the most earnest manner that he was a free man; but Mr. Ennells and Captain Frazer appeared to be such respectable men, and the coloured witness swore so positively, that the magistrate granted a certificate authorising them to take him to Maryland.

As they left the office they were met by Dr. Kinley, who knew William Bachelor well and had a great regard for him. Finding that his protestations had no effect with the Marylanders, he ran with all speed to Isaac Hopper, and entering his door almost out of breath, exclaimed, 'They've got old William Bachelor and are taking him to the South as a slave. I know him to be a free man. Many years ago he was a slave to my father, and he manumitted him. He used to carry me in his arms when I was an infant. He was a most faithful servant.'

Polite but Firm

Hopper inquired which way the party had gone, and was informed that they went towards 'Gray's Ferry.' He immediately started in pursuit and overtook them. He accosted Mr. Ennells politely, and told him he had made a mistake in capturing William Batchelor, for he was a free man.

Ennells drew a pistol from his pocket, and said, 'We have had him before a magistrate and proved to his satisfaction that the fellow is my slave. I have got his certificate, and that is all that is required to authorise me to take him home. I will blow your brains out if you say another word on the subject, or make any attempt to molest me'

'If thou wert not a coward, thou wouldst not try to intimidate me with a pistol,' replied Isaac. 'I do not believe thou hast the least intention of using it in any other way; but thou art much agitated, and may fire it accidentally; therefore I request thee not to point it toward me, but to turn it the other way. It is in vain for thee to think of taking this old man to Maryland. If thou wilt not return to the city voluntarily, I will certainly have thee stopped at the bridge, where thou wilt be likely to be handled much more roughly than I am disposed to do.'

While this controversy was going on poor William Bachelor was in the greatest anxiety of mind. 'Oh, Master Hopper,' he exclaimed, 'don't let them take me! I am not a slave. All the people in Philadelphia know I am a free man. I never was in Maryland in my life.'

Ennells, hearing the name, said, 'So your name is Hopper, is it? I have heard of you. It's time the world was rid of you. You have done too much mischief already.'

When Friend Hopper inquired what mischief he had done, he replied, 'You have robbed many people of their slaves.'

'Thou art mistaken,' rejoined the Quaker, 'I only prevent Southern marauders from robbing people of their liberty.'

After much dispute it was agreed to return to the city; and William was again brought before the alderman who had so hastily surrendered him. Dr. Kinley and so many other respectable citizens attended as witnesses that even Ennells himself was convinced that his captive was a free man. He was accordingly set at liberty.

Turning the Tables

It was, however, generally believed that Mr. Ennells knew he was not a slave when he arrested him. It was therefore concluded to prosecute him for attempting to take forcibly a free man out of the State and carry him into slavery.

When Hopper went to his lodgings with a warrant and two constables for this purpose, he found him writing, with a pistol on each side of him. The moment they entered, he seized a pistol and ordered

them to withdraw or he would shoot them.

Hopper replied, 'These men are officers, and have a warrant to arrest thee for attempting to carry off a free man into slavery. I advise thee to lay down thy pistol and go with us. If not, a sufficient force will soon be brought to compel thee. Remember thou art in the heart of Philadelphia. It is both foolish and imprudent to attempt to resist the law. A pistol is a very unnecessary article here, whatever it may be elsewhere. According to appearances, thou dost not attempt to use it for any other purpose than to frighten people; and thou hast not succeeded in doing that.'

Rage could do nothing in the presence of such calmness; and Ennells consented to go with them to the magistrate. On the way he quarrelled with one of the constables, and gave him a severe blow on the face with his cane. The officer knocked him down, and would have repeated the blow if Hopper had not interfered. Assisting Ennells to rise, he said, 'Thou hadst better take my arm and walk with me. I think we can agree better.'

When the transaction had been investigated before a magistrate, Mr. Ennells was bound over to appear at the next Mayor's court and answer to the charge against him. The proprietor of the hotel where he lodged became his bail. Meanwhile numerous letters came from people of repute in Maryland and Virginia, testifying to his good character. His lawyer showed these letters to Hopper, and proposed that the prosecution should be abandoned. He replied that he had no authority to act in the matter himself; but he knew the Abolition Society had commenced the prosecution from no vindictive feelings, but merely with the view of teaching people to be careful how they infringed on the rights of free men. The committee of that Society met the same evening, and agreed to dismiss the suit, Mr. Ennells paying the costs, to which he readily assented.

The Story of Daniel Benson

Daniel and his mother were slaves to Perry Boots, of Delaware. His master was in the habit of letting him out to neighbouring farmers and receiving the wages himself. Daniel had married a free woman, and they had several children, mostly supported by her industry. His mother was old and helpless; and the master, finding it rather burdensome to support her, told Daniel that if he would take charge of her, and pay him forty dollars a year, he might go where he pleased.

The offer was gladly accepted, and in 1805 he removed to Philadelphia with his mother and family. He sawed wood for a living, and soon won such a name for industry and honesty, that many of the citizens were in the habit of employing him to purchase their wood and prepare it for the winter.

Upon one occasion, when he brought in a bill to Alderman Todd, that gentleman asked if he had not charged rather high. Daniel excused himself by saying that he had an aged mother to support, in addition to his own family, and that he punctually paid his master twenty dollars every six months, according to an agreement he had made with him. When the Alderman heard the particulars his sympathy was excited, and he wrote a note to Isaac Hopper, requesting him to examine into the case, and stating his own opinion that Daniel had a legal right to freedom. The wood-sawyer started off eagerly with the note and in delivering it exclaimed, 'Squire Todd thinks I am free!' He was in a state of great agitation between hope and fear. When he had told his story, he was sent home to get receipts for all the money he had paid his master since his arrival in Philadelphia. It was easy to prove from these that he had been a resident in Pennsylvania, with his owner's consent, a much longer time than the six months which the law required to make him a free man. When Isaac Hopper gave him this information he was overjoyed. He could hardly believe it. The tidings seemed too good to be true. When assured that he was certainly free, beyond all dispute, and that he need not pay any more of his hard earnings to a master, the tears came to his eyes, and he started off to bring his wife, that she also might hear the glad news. When Friend Hopper was an old man he often used to remark how well he remembered their beaming countenances on that occasion, and their warm expressions of gratitude to God.

An Angry Master

Soon after this interview a letter was addressed to Perry Boots, informing him that his slave was legally free, and that he need not expect to receive any more of his wages. He came to Philadelphia immediately to answer the letter in person. His first salutation was, 'Where can I find that ungrateful villain Dan? I will take him home in irons.'

Hopper replied, 'Thou wilt find thyself relieved from such an unpleasant task, for I can easily convince thee that the law sustains thy slave in taking his freedom.'

Reading the law did not satisfy him. He said he would consult a lawyer, and call again. When he returned he found Daniel waiting to see him, and he immediately began to upbraid him for being so ungrateful.

A Soft Answer

Daniel replied, 'Master Perry, it was not *justice* that made me your slave. It was the *law*, and you took advantage of it. Now, the law makes me free; and ought you to blame me for taking the advantage which it offers me? But suppose I were not free, what would you be willing to take to manumit me?'

His master, somewhat softened, said, 'Why, Dan, I always intended to set you free some time or other.'

'I am nearly forty years old,' rejoined his bondsman; 'if I am ever to be free, I think it is high time now. What would you be willing to take for a deed of manumission?'

Mr. Boots answered, 'Why, I think you ought to give me a hundred dollars.'

'Would that satisfy you, Master Perry? Well, I can pay you a hundred dollars,' said Daniel.

Here Hopper interfered, and observed there was nothing rightfully due to the master; that if justice were done in the case, he ought to pay Daniel for his labour since he was twenty-one years old.

The coloured man replied, 'I was a slave to Master Perry's father, and he was kind to me. Master Perry and I are about the same age. We were brought up more like two brothers than like master and slave. I can better afford to give him a hundred dollars than he can afford to do without it. I will go home and get the money if you will make out the necessary papers while I am gone.'

Surprised and gratified by the nobility of soul manifested in these words, Isaac Hopper said no more to dissuade him from his generous purpose. He brought one hundred silver dollars, and Perry Boots signed a receipt for it, accompanied by a deed of manumission. He wished to have it inserted in the deed that he was not to be responsible for the support of the old woman. But Daniel objected, saying, 'Such an agreement would imply that I would not voluntarily support my poor old mother.'

In Honour of Freedom

When the business was concluded, he invited his former master and Friend Hopper to dine with him, saying, 'we are going to have a pretty good dinner in honour of the day.' Mr. Boots accepted the invitation, but Hopper excused himself on account of an engagement that would detain him till after dinner. When he called, he found they had not yet risen from the table, on which were the remains of a roasted turkey, a variety of vegetables, and a decanter of wine. Friend Hopper smiled when Daniel remarked, 'I know Master Perry loves a little brandy; but I did not like to get brandy, so I bought a quart of Mr. Morris' best wine, and thought perhaps that would do instead. I never drink anything but water myself.'

Soon after Daniel Benson became a free man he gave up sawing wood, and opened a shop for the sale of second-hand clothing. He was successful in business, brought up his family very reputably, and supported his mother comfortably to the end of her days. For many years he was class-leader in a Methodist Church for coloured people, and his conduct gained the respect of all who knew him.

Every year brings new knowledge of the religions of the world, and every step in knowledge of them brings out the sympathy between them. They all show the same aim, the same symbols, the same forms, the same weaknesses, the same aspirations. Looking at these points of unity, we might say there is but one religion under many forms, whose essential creed is—THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD AND THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.—*T. W. Higginson.*

THOUGHTS ON THE CENSUS[1]

H. L. JONES, M.A.

THIS is the day appointed for the numbering of the people. The names of all alive at twelve o'clock to-night will be recorded, together with certain particulars which you will find interesting and entertaining. No doubt the occasion *is* interesting; but it is, I think, solemn also. In the first place, its very rarity makes it so. You probably regard your birthdays as the most important occasions in your lives: what if they came only once in ten years, as the Census does? Most of us here have been numbered only once before; how many of us can remember that day ten years ago? Much has happened since. The period covers a very large part of your lives; and it covers almost the whole life of our School. And

What of the next Census

ten years hence? Not a few of you will then be of age; more than one will have to fill in the census schedule as a householder, or even, who knows? as head of a family. What will those ten years mean to you—and to your country?

The Census is solemn in another way too—not indeed in the way it was to King David, though this argument could be used against the proposal of a census a century and a half ago, when fears were expressed lest 'some public misfortune or an epidemical distemper should follow the numbering.' We have outgrown such superstitious views, and we know that the results of the census are good—that it has real value as a means to social reform, showing where it is needed and suggesting the measures by which it may be carried out. The solemnity I mean is this. We do not hold a religious ceremony at the conclusion of the census, as was done by the censors of ancient Rome; but we might well think in all seriousness of what we are whose names go down to-day, and what we mean to do. What *is* our occupation? and what *are* we worth? We are being counted—*do we also count*? Let us look back over the last ten years, and forward over another ten to come, for ourselves, for our School, for our Country. Our nation looms large in the world—is she justified, and will she continue to be justified in the position which she holds? Just now

A Great Chance

lies at her hand to justify herself—the chance to lead the nations in the paths of peace; each of you may do something, now as well as hereafter, to help her on the way.

The season is a fitting one to form high resolves. It is the Spring of the year, the time of new life in Nature. And we are not 'all independent of the leafy spring'—it affects us too. Let us choose this season to make resolves that may last ten years at least, something to look back to with honest pride when the next census comes. It was the practice of the Latins on occasions of special gravity to proclaim what they called a *Ver Sacrum*, 'a holy Spring'—the dedication to their God of all things born in a given Spring. The creatures so dedicated were sacrificed to the God, save only the children. These, when grown, were sent forth into the world to found new homes. In such a way will you go forth into the world. You are, as Uhland puts it,

'The Seed Corn of a New World.'

It is you that will form the next generation of our citizens; resolve that you will be 'honest citizens and true servants of God.' Your life is at the Spring. Make that Spring holy; dedicate yourselves, not as a dead but as 'a *living* sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.'

[1] Notes of an Address given at Willaston School on April 2nd, 1911.

A VISIT TO AN HAWAIIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL AND OTHER NOTES

F. S. GOODHUE, B.S., M.D.

BEFORE we visit the little chapel at Kahaluu, not far from the famous Kealakekua Bay, it may be interesting to review a few of the facts relating to our group of islands.

Captain Cook

On this day of the month, exactly one hundred and thirty-two years ago, Captain Cook met his death in the tragic manner

so fully recorded in our familiar histories.

He had landed some months earlier on the island of Kauai, to the north of us, making his first discovery of the islands, but he returned to Kealakekua Bay with his English ships 'Resolution' and 'Discovery,' and here on these rocks was killed in an unwarranted fight with the gentle Hawaiians. Tradition tells of the landing in this district, as early as 1526, of Spanish pirates who, it is said, married Hawaiian wives and settled down to peaceful pursuits. On the north side of the bay, on the site where Captain Cook is supposed to have fallen, is a monument of concrete, erected by the sailors of H.M.S. 'Fantome,' in 1874, which bears the following inscription :—

IN MEMORY
OF THE GREAT CIRCUMNAVIGATOR
CAPT. JAMES COOK, R.N.
WHO
DISCOVERED THESE ISLANDS
ON THE 18TH DAY OF JANUARY, A.D. 1778
AND WHO FELL NEAR THIS SPOT
ON THE 14TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, A.D. 1779.
THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED
BY SOME OF
HIS FELLOW COUNTRYMEN.

The original inscription, however, was put up in 1825 by Lord Byron, Commander of H.M.S. 'Blonde.' Engraved on a piece of copper plate, it was inserted in a block of oak about ten feet high, and read as follows :—

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
CAPT. JAMES COOK, R.N.
WHO DISCOVERED THESE ISLANDS
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1778.
THIS HUMBLE MONUMENT IS ERECTED
BY HIS COUNTRYMEN
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1825.

Lord Byron says in his book : 'Nahi was a witness of Capt. Cook's death. . . . He pointed out to us . . . the rock on which our excellent countryman fell, no less to the grief of the natives than to that of his own people.'

The Islands

The name 'Sandwich' was given to the islands by their discoverer in honour of his patron, Lord Sandwich, but the more appropriate 'Hawaii' has gradually displaced the older title. The ten islands, with an area of 6,200 square miles, extend 380 miles from south-west to north-east, and lie in latitude 18° 50′ and 23° 5′ north, and longitude 154° 40′ and 160° 50′ west. Their climate is salubrious and exceedingly equable and pleasant, and, owing to ocean currents, the average temperature of Hawaii is ten degrees cooler than that of other places in the same latitude.

The particular island from which I write, and on which Kealakekua Bay is situated, gives its name to the whole group ; it is the largest island and lies farthest south. Its length is ninety miles, its width seventy, comprising 3,950 square miles. Two of our mountains, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, are over 14,000 feet high, and Hualalai, on whose picturesque slopes we live, reaches up some 8,000 feet. It has been extinct since 1805, when it sent down a large stream of lava. Mauna Kea is also extinct, but Mauna Loa has two active craters, one, Kilauea, well known to all our readers. All of the mountains are well wooded, and at a certain elevation there are beautiful forests of Koa or the native mahogany, which is now being shipped to some extent. There is a good road encircling the island, a distance of two hundred miles or more, at a considerable elevation above the sea, and passing in some places over barren lava flows, in others through the most beautiful tropical forests. Throughout my own districts the land is generally cultivated, being set out to coffee, but fruits of all kinds are grown, the principal ones being papayas, mangoes, alligator pears, peaches, oranges, lemons and limes, bananas, pine-apples, and grapes. Bananas, bread fruit, guavas ohia apples, and several varieties of berries grow wild.

Honolulu, the largest city, is situated on the island of Oahu, and Hilo, second in size, is on the windward side of this island, stretching along a pretty crescent bay which was named Byron by the sailors of the 'Blonde.' This name is no longer employed, being seen only on old maps.

The Inhabitants

The archipelago was probably peopled by the natives of islands to the south-west, who came in their outriggered boats, from Savaii and elsewhere. The inhabitants of many of the South Sea islands are Polynesians, and resemble the Hawaiians in appearance, customs, and language. They

are naturally a peaceful, gentle race, and were never cannibals.

Missionaries

Since the missionaries came in 1820, there has been an improvement in the condition of the Hawaiian people. This must be acknowledged even by those who have theories as to the rapid disappearance of the race. The British Missionary Societies confined their operations to the islands south of the equator, while the American Board, which, at first undenominational, became Congregationalist, kept to the north. The Catholics arrived in 1826. Much later the Mormons invaded the country. The Episcopal, Methodist, and Christian missions are comparatively recent arrivals.

The Congregationalists stand first in numbers and wealth. Central Union Church in Honolulu was built at a cost of $125,000. It has a large membership of active workers, publishes a paper, and carries on many missions and Sunday schools not only in Honolulu but on all the outside islands. An arrangement is made whereby a Caucasian minister has charge of a certain number of native churches presided over by native pastors, each church having its own Sunday school. The attendance, however, is much less than it used to be under the monarchy, owing to decrease in the native population as well as lack of interest.

Educational Institutions

There are many educational institutions in Honolulu, both denominational and secular; and good public schools are kept up by the Government in every section of the Territory. Compulsory attendance is the rule, and about 20,000 children are found in the various schools. They are of many diverse races and nationalities—Hawaiians, Japanese, Portuguese, Chinese, Koreans, Filipinos, Puerto Ricans, Negroes, Malays, Tahitians, Gilbert Islanders, Samoans, as well as English, German, Russian, French, American, Spanish, and other nationalities.

Sunday Schools

The Sunday schools are attended chiefly by Hawaiians. But there are special Japanese, Chinese, Korean, and Portuguese missions conducted by the various denominations.

There is not a Unitarian organisation in the whole group. I do not know that there are any other Unitarians on this great island besides myself and family, but in Honolulu there are several, and the Central Union Church (Congregationalist) is gradually merging into unorthodoxy if not Unitarianism. Belief in the Deity of Christ and the Trinity are not essentials any longer, and a 'covenant' such as our own churches have in New England has taken the place of a 'creed.' The minister, Dr. Scudder, is in all essentials a Unitarian. He is an able man, a strenuous worker, and said in a recent address:

> 'The year just ended has witnessed a campaign of public criticism directed against the Christian churches. The charges which are well worth considering have appeared both in religious papers and popular magazines, and in many instances are made by earnest friends. They claim that the churches demand as a condition of membership assent to statements which Jesus never required of his followers, and thus keep out many of his disciples; second, that the churches are careless of the signs of the times, upon knowledge of which and consequent conduct Jesus laid so much stress.
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> 'Believing the first of these points well taken, your minister proposes for the consideration of the Deacons that our present Articles of Faith be kept unchanged as the General Statement of the Faith of the Church, that subscription thereto be not required of candidates for membership, but that there be substituted therefor assent to the following Confession and Covenant:
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> '"You do now confess your faith in God your Father, and your determination to love and obey him; you will follow Jesus Christ as your Master; you accept his spirit as the supreme and ruling principle of your life, and you dedicate yourself to the service of your brother man."'

Among pronounced Unitarians in Honolulu are ex-President Dole, Chief-Justice Hartwell; W. O. Smith, ex-Attorney General; R. S. Hosmer, Commissioner of Forestry; W. R. Farrington, editor of the 'Daily Bulletin,' and a few others of less prominence.

School

Travelling along a pretty country road, lined by candle-nut, mango, breadfruit, coconut, and coffee trees, with an occasional neat cottage or grass-hut and a showy flower garden to set it off, we come to the little church in which morning services have just been held. Like all Hawaiian days, this one is bright with sunshine, but cooled by a breeze not an hour from the sea. A shower during the night has laid the dust and left not even dampness on the absorbent road. Hawaiian boys and girls to the number of about thirty are gathered about the steps of the church waiting for the first bell to ring. They are all neatly dressed, the girls in white dresses with gay ribbons, the boys in suits such as you would see in any American village on Sunday. Their faces are bright and expectant, beaming with intelligence and good nature.

Promptly taking their places at the first call of the superintendent, the children arrange themselves into classes, and the church is soon filled with the hum of voices engaged in the day's lessons. This, of course, is the regular portion assigned in the International Series, with the usual Golden Text and verses to be committed to memory. Only, it is all said and sung in the soft Hawaiian tongue with scarce a consonant to spoil the cadence. The singing in which the children all engage with enthusiasm and remarkably sweet voices, has a slight minor pitch particularly expressive and touching. Those who have heard Hawaiians sing will, I think, never lose the effect of the first pleasant impression.

After the lessons and some more hymns from the Moody and Sankey Gospel Series, all of course in Hawaiian words, a visitor is asked to speak. He is a native Hawaiian, tall, erect, of dignified form and kindly face, with a crown of white hair upon his head. He seems quite at home, speaks slowly, and is telling the children how according to the Hawaiian national motto, righteousness ought to be perpetuated in the land. Some countries, he said, were apt to forget that, even England and America, which encouraged fighting when fighting is a sin. He thought that in the land of sunny days and pleasant coconut milk everybody ought to be so kind that the Hawaiian nation could not help but 'perpetuate righteousness.' The meeting closed by the singing of Kuu Aina Hanau E (My Country, 'tis of thee), the first verse of which I give below :—

Kuu aina hanau e,
Nou au e mele nei
Ai na maikai
O na makua o 'u
Me na keiki pu,
E o, mai o a o
Kuu mele nei.

Religion and the Nation

How much the social betterment of the Hawaiian is due to Christianity alone, it would be hard to say, because many other forces of civilisation have had their ameliorating influence upon his condition. He has accepted religion without question ; he enjoys attending and participating in religious services ; he likes to speak in public and make long prayers ; and is particularly fond of conventions, conferences, and congresses, where he acquits himself with grace and often with eloquence. But with few exceptions, his character is not much affected by his beliefs, and his religious profession rarely is based on any deep conviction. Whether he is a Catholic, a Congregationalist, or a Mormon depends not so much upon the approval of his conscience as upon convenience or propinquity, and he readily changes from one denomination to another. The ritual of the Catholics appeals to him, and that church is gaining adherents among the Hawaiians. When asked what Christianity had done for the Hawaiians, a Catholic Bishop of Honolulu laughingly replied, 'Oh, we have succeeded in making smarter rascals of them.'

I do not think that the term 'rascal' can justly be applied to the native Hawaiian. He is passive and pliable, easily influenced for good or evil, disinclined to great exertion. He prefers the easiest way out of a difficulty, and he will nearly always yield or retreat before opposition. In other words, he is a grown-up child, nothing worse ; with a child's delightful characteristics as well as a child's faults.

Giving our Bible with all its inaccuracies and bad ethics, as an 'inspired and infallible' guide for their daily life, was enough to spoil a race like the Hawaiians.

To teach such a people that salvation comes by faith alone was a dangerous

experiment, and in a day when God's hell was compared to the burning pit of Kilauea I am afraid that fear had more than anything else to do with the numerous additions to the church. Any great improvement in the race for the future will depend upon the sort of religious teaching we give the children in the Sunday schools. If the truth which is leavening Central Union Church is allowed to continue its beneficent influence throughout the whole group of churches, I believe that we shall yet see the Hawaiians as consistently religious and moral as any people in the world.

THE SHADOW OF THE REALITY

RUPERT HOLLOWAY

JOHN VILLIERS sat in his cosy bachelor quarters and realised grimly that he was very unhappy. There was a look of boredom on his face which was an obvious index to his feelings ; and yet an onlooker would have judged that this well-dressed young man had very little reason to 'look before and after, and pine for what is not.' The richly-furnished room, and the general air of elegance exhaling from everything betokened worldly ease. But Villiers looked haggard and tragic.

He braced himself to think the matter out, to take stock of his life. His soliloquy began in a tone low and monotonous, but intense. 'What was it he really wanted ?' He thought of his friends and acquaintances who were content enough with the things they, in common with him, possessed : a profession in which he was fairly successful : the opportunity to marry well, if he so desired : the esteem of friends : the open door to good society. 'Yes, he could understand that if one did not possess these advantages, to gain them would seem a worthy ambition. But what a different aspect they presented from the inside !'

'Perhaps there was a kink in his brain, an unhealthy ancestral legacy of some kind !'

He considered the notion critically, and judged it out of court. 'He was afflicted with no vices, and his health was normal. It wasn't that !'

Still he pondered the matter deeply. In the recesses of his mind a half-forgotten bookish idea resurrected itself. 'Why should mortals be happy ?'

He laughed mournfully. 'What if the destiny of some natures were misery !'

The thought was crushed on the threshold of his mind ; he knew too much of psychology to tolerate such an idea. 'Unhappiness was the result of some mental or physical cause, always and everywhere.'

'In his case, could he put his finger on the cause ?'

This Socratic method of considering the subject helped him to an immediate conclusion, incisive and illuminating. 'He was unhappy because he was not getting enough out of life. It was too easy ! And within him he felt an insatiable desire for something different.'

'Yet, what could he do. He was not so feeble in intellect as to be satisfied with self-imposed hardships of an artificial kind. If he was to obtain relief from this consuming sense of *ennui*, it would only come from carrying out a logical plan with a definite aim.'

The man looked relieved. 'This was certainly an advance on his previous attempts at a solution. He had defined the situation.'

But he got no farther. There was an agitated rap at the door.

'Come in.'

His landlady entered, hurriedly. 'Oh, sir,' she gasped. 'Mr. King has been knocked down by a motor-'bus, and the hospital people have sent for you to go at once. The policeman is downstairs.'

Villiers sprang up. 'I'll go immediately.' King was his closest friend.

. . . . . .

'The doctor says he won't last through the night,' the nurse whispered to Villiers as she conducted him along the ward.

The man on the bed looked hungrily and affectionately at his friend's horrified face.

'Didn't think I should take my leave this way, John !' he said, articulating with painful slowness. 'Come nearer, I haven't much time, and I want to talk to you.'

Villiers sat on the edge of the bed and held the poor fellow's hand.

'John, I've had a good time, and I'm not going to swear because the entertainment's over. But I am sick at heart. And I'm . . . almost afraid. . . .'

The other broke in quickly, 'You're not yourself, old man! You can't expect to feel fit for big game hunting when you're in this state.'

King looked at him sadly. 'Don't misunderstand me, John; it isn't that kind of fear! I'm afraid because I've been such a fool! I see how inane my life has been . . . now I'm to give it up. What an opportunity it was, and I wouldn't see it!' The regret in his voice was pitiful.

Villiers made a deprecating gesture. 'You didn't know!' he said.

'Don't interrupt me, John,' pleaded the sick man. 'Let me explain.' His voice grew spasmodic. 'Don't mean I know anything about it! But, if . . . not here to learn . . . what's the use? Haven't . . . learned . . . anything! Only had a . . . good time.'

He broke off, and raising his mangled body with a great effort, looked into his friends' eyes. 'Is there a God, John?'

Villiers started. 'Of course!' he said, rather curtly. He didn't like to talk about it.

The dying man continued. 'Never doubted it myself, John. Didn't think . . . possible . . . to know anything . . . about him, though.'

His voice sank to a whisper.

'Might have . . . tried . . . to learn!'

The hand holding Villiers grew limp and heavy.

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John Villiers went down the steps of the hospital like a man in a dream, though his mind worked rapidly. 'There was a higher Circumstance concerned in all this.' The answer to his own enigma was before him. 'If we're not here to learn, what's the use?' The dead man's words rang in his ears. He had been a fool, too, for he didn't know yet—with half his life gone—what he believed. He realised with shame the tacit conspiracy of the world he moved in to ignore all but trivialities: personal ambition, work, pleasure. It was horrible to live to kill time. These things were necessary, perhaps, in their way; but, oh, the ignominy of putting them first. The pitiful selfishness of it all! Yes, he did believe in God, and this state of things was going to end for him. "Might have . . . tried . . . to learn!" *He* would do his best!'

HEROES OF FAITH

ALBERT THORNHILL, M.A.

VIII.—Joan Waste, the Derby Martyr

THOSE of you who have read the story of the brave exploits of Grace Darling, or of the splendid service rendered to sick soldiers by Florence Nightingale, or of the daring deeds accomplished for France by Joan of Arc, will be wondering whether there are no heroines deserving of mention among those who have given their lives for the sake of pure religion. Yes, there are many; and among them all I know of none more noble and inspiring than Joan Waste, the blind girl of Derby who was burnt at the stake in the year 1556, because she would not deny what seemed to her to be the truth.

Joan, who was blind from birth, was born in 1532 in a very humble household, her father being a barber and rope-maker. She had a twin brother who grew up with her and did his best to make up for her want of sight. Joan, however, was very alert, and eager not to be a burden to anyone. Not only did she help in the house and knit very cleverly; but she soon learned to twine the strands into ropes, and so aided her father in his business.

Joan's Youth

Being prevented by her blindness from looking upon the wonders of the outward world, she thought the more upon that more wonderful world within. She went regularly to the parish church, and listened intently to the new thoughts uttered there in that strange and stirring time. For, we must remember, that those were the young days of the English Reformation; days in which the abbeys at Dale and Derby and in hundreds of other places were being destroyed, by order of the King and Parliament; days in which old doctrines were being disputed and new ones being enforced; days in which the power of the Pope to interfere with religion in England was being broken; days in which Tyndale's New Testament and Coverdale's Bible were beginning to be read by the few educated people in almost every parish in the land. By the people of Derby, in those days, these doings must have been watched with great interest. It is hard for us to-day to realise all that it must have meant to pious Catholics to see the sacred homes

and symbols of their faith thus rudely destroyed. Even less can we realise all it must have meant to earnest Protestants to hear the words of the Bible read no longer in a dead and foreign tongue, but in the language that they knew and loved and could understand. How fresh and beautiful must have seemed the Sermon on the Mount, and the parables of Jesus and the narrative of his life, when for the first time the fine, strong, homely English of William Tyndale made it plain to the common people. And with what reverence must the pious Protestant have handled the first precious copy he possessed of the Bible in English! To him it seemed nothing less than God's own word—God's word at last in his possession, at last made plain! The Bible in English meant far more than we can now estimate. It meant the end of the priest's power over the souls of the people, whether for good or for ill; it meant liberation of the soul; it meant a leaping up of the mind and heart of man Godward and lifeward. The Bible in English is the explanation of English liberty, English worth, English leadership and power.

The Music of the Gospel

To Joan Waste, the words of the Gospel in English must have sounded like heavenly music, heard in a dream; for music, heard with the eyes closed, is often more impressive to the soul. So sweet did these wonderful words seem that Joan Waste saved the fruits of her toil until she could purchase a copy of the New Testament for her own precious possession, and, whenever a preacher came who was especially great in expounding the Bible, she went to hear him. Thus among the great divines of that period whom she heard, and who greatly influenced her mind, was Dr. Rowland Taylor, who was later burnt at Hadleigh. This great and good man made a deep impression upon Joan, and the impression was strengthened by her study of the New Testament. She never tired of hearing it read to her. And the tale is told of her frequent visits to the Common Hall to see a poor old man imprisoned there for debt, who was so cheered by her visits that he readily consented to read her a chapter or two from her much loved book. Or, if he were ill, she would ask the old parish clerk of All Saints' to befriend her in this way. If both failed her, she would give from her scanty treasure to induce others to lend her their eyes for a few minutes to spell out the precious words of the Bible. And, as she listened, she committed to memory the words of Jesus; nor did she leave them there to rust unused. She showed forth their lessons in her life, and repeated to others the words that had brought life and light to her, blind though she was. By the time King Edward died Joan was a young woman of twenty-two.

Queen Mary's Spies

Then Queen Mary came to the throne and tried to sweep away at a stroke all the reforms wrought in the preceding reign, and so to bring England once again to the feet of the Pope. But there were thousands upon thousands, thank God, who declined to change their religious faith at the bidding of any earthly power. They worshipped, they spoke, and they lived openly, as before. To crush them the Queen brought into operation, once again, the Act which declared that heretics must be burned, and appointed special officers to enforce it. These in turn arranged for spies in every town and parish to be paid for giving information concerning the private religious opinions of their neighbours. This was a foul and ghastly business, but it did not deter Joan Waste from fidelity to the faith she had learned to love; she just went on worshipping God in her own way. Information of this was given to Peter Finch, the town official, and Joan was arrested and tried for heresy before the Bishop of Lichfield and his Chancellor, and Sir John Port, and other high officers.

Joan's Offence

What was the offence laid to her charge? It was that she believed that the last supper was a memorial service; that the bread and wine used in it were symbols, and not, as the Roman church declares, the actual body and blood of Christ; that Jesus in giving thanks did not change the bread and the wine, but was himself blessed. She believed these things because they were taught in the New Testament, and because they were also in accordance with what she had heard preached by certain learned men, some of whom had already suffered imprisonment and death,

as she was prepared to do. Indeed, she declared that she had heard Dr. Rowland Taylor express his readiness to answer at the judgment seat of God for the truth of the doctrines she held; and, when sore pressed by the Bishop she asked him if he would undertake a like responsibility for the doctrines he wished to impose upon her. At first he was willing, but then withdrew, and Joan being told that she must answer for herself, declared again that she was ready to die, and so it was decreed.

Her Martyrdom

If you could go back with me to the year 1556 and imagine yourself sitting, on the 1st of August in that year, in All Saints' Church, you would witness a strange and heart-moving spectacle. You would see a long procession enter, led by the Chancellor of the diocese, Dr. Draicott, and many high officials; and following them Joan Waste, the poor blind martyr. You would see Dr. Draicott mount the pulpit, before which Joan was placed, and hear him declare that she was cut off from the true church and from the kingdom of God; that she was a heretic, blind not only in her bodily eyes, but blind in her soul. You would hear him say that as her body was about to be burned with fire, so her soul would be burned everlastingly. And having harrowed the feelings of the people and the soul of the martyr by his bitter taunts, you would see the preacher descend and the procession reform and the bailiffs of Derby, at the preacher's command, carry off Joan Waste along what is now the Burton-road to the Windmill Pit, near where Lime Avenue now is. You would see Joan kneel before the stake as she held her brother's hand, and hear her say such prayers as she knew, and then you would turn away from the sickening spectacle of men, in the name of religion, binding her to a stake and lighting the piled-up faggots that consumed her body but could not hurt her soul.

Thus did Joan Waste die for the sake of freedom to follow Christ and her conscience in matters appertaining to religion. And thus, as I believe, there was begun that Puritan movement in the town of Derby out of which the Friar Gate congregation grew. As the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, so, I believe, the blood of Joan Waste became a fertilising stream which nourished the spiritual movement that culminated in the building of Friar Gate Chapel. And my reason for saying this is that in all essentials her principles were the principles of Puritanism, viz. these: that the true interpreter of scripture is the enlightened individual conscience, and neither pope nor monarch nor priest; and that the institution of the Lord's Supper has in itself no sacrificial or saving efficacy, but is a memorial service designed to bring the disciple into closer accord with the mind of the Master. Another reason for this opinion is that she acknowledged the influence upon her thought and faith of Dr. Rowland Taylor, who was, in all essentials, a Puritan pioneer, and who died for his convictions.

The life and example of so good, so pure, and so humble a saint and martyr should be an everlasting example to us all, inspiring us to be true to our convictions at all costs, and faithful to our consciences no matter what betide.

Some Puritan Heroes

We have heard enough of the burnings in Queen Mary's reign, and we should be glad to forget them were it not for the brave men and women whose faithfulness was proved by fire and whose death was the price of our liberty.

In Queen Elizabeth's time there were few burnings for religion, though many suffered greatly because they could not conform to the Queen's idea of a national religion. Roman Catholics who wished to see the Pope acknowledged as head of the Church were often hunted down and some few were hanged On the other hand, very many Puritans, or extreme Protestants, felt that the prayer-book was not simple enough, and some of them started meetings of their own at which they worshipped according to their consciences, and preached long sermons full of zeal for the Bible and for a simple form of religion without bishops and priests, and music, and vestments and ceremonies. We can trace one or two of these Puritan meetings right back to the time of King Edward VI. Some of the dissenting congregations of our time had their beginnings in the days of Queen Elizabeth. But all through her reign they were sorely harassed, and,

during the last few years, several Puritan martyrs were burned at Smithfield. One of them, named John Penry, a Welshman, advised his brethren of the separatist church of London to seek in exile that freedom which was denied them at home. Thus began the emigration of English dissenters to Holland and Belgium in 1593.

Now this was against the law, for no one was allowed to leave England except by permission of the authorities. But the poor persecuted Puritans felt that it was better to break the law and face exile from all they loved, than to be prevented from serving God according to their consciences. And so they broke up their homes, risked all dangers, crossed the sea, settled in a strange country, and earned their living as best they could. The most noteworthy among them are a group of men known as

The Pilgrim Fathers

They were for the most part people who lived near Scrooby in Nottinghamshire; and their exploits are worthy to be remembered for all time, chiefly because they show us how a whole community consisting of more than a hundred people put religion before all earthly considerations, and endured much suffering, and braved many perils for its sake. The story of how they sailed to the New World, in the 'Mayflower' has many times been told, but that belongs to the closing chapters of their experiences. To understand the meaning of the voyage of the 'Mayflower' it is necessary to know something of the men and women who sailed in it, and why they sailed.

Let me tell you something of the chief men concerned in that movement.

IX.—William Brewster

In April, 1608, a warrant was issued for the arrest of William Brewster, of Scrooby, for a fine of £20 for not appearing before the court of the Bishop of Southwell. Who was William Brewster, and why was he being hunted? He was the leader of a little body of zealous religious people, who met in his house at Scrooby, and it was for taking part in these religious meetings that he was being sought by the officers of the law. He had been in charge of the post at Scrooby until the previous autumn, and before that had been secretary to one of the Queen's most important ministers. He lived in the beautiful old manor house at Scrooby and there 'on the Lord's day, with great love, he entertained' a company of devout people who gathered from all the surrounding villages. These people had withdrawn from the parish churches and by 'a covenant of the Lord joined themselves into a Church,' with one Richard Clyfton as their pastor. Later on Clyfton was joined by John Robinson, of whom we must try to learn more. Years before, William Brewster had travelled with the Queen's ambassador in Holland. There he would see that men and women were allowed to worship God in whatever way their consciences might lead them; and when, in later years, he and his fellow Puritans were prevented from assembling for worship at home, it was natural that his thoughts would turn to Holland as

The Home of Religious Freedom

But why could not he and his friends be content with attending the service at the parish churches? It was because they felt that 'the base and beggarly ceremonies, enforced by the lordly and tyrannous power of the prelates' was contrary to the freedom of the gospel, and ought not to be submitted to. These Puritans made 'a conscience of their ways.' All their acts were done in the full conviction that God was watching, and knew every inmost motive. Religion was real to them. It was no mere form, or ceremony, or set of words. It was a close walk with God. They wished to govern the life, the home, the state, the world, by the law of God—to make God king. When we think of their quaint talk and precise ways, let us not forget their grand ideal, their whole-hearted faith, their burning zeal. They felt themselves to be 'the Lord's free people'; and to practise their freedom they endured exile. They were heroes of faith. William Brewster is a splendid sample. For his faith he lost a fine mansion, a valuable post, and the peaceful enjoyment of his possessions. In exchange for these he became a hunted criminal, an exile in a foreign land, the leader of a harassed company of poverty-stricken people, forced to earn a living by teaching English or by working as a

printer. It is noteworthy that he was the last of the famous band to leave England. Although a price was upon his head he stayed there until he had seen every member of the Scrooby company safely conveyed to Holland. That was no easy task, for more than once the refugees were betrayed to the catchpole men, whose duty it was to prevent anyone leaving England unless properly authorised.

The Pilgrims Betrayed

Once a Boston captain whose ship they had engaged betrayed their plans. Another time a Dutch captain was prevented from taking them on board by the appearance of an armed band, and sailed with only a few of the men. The rest were arrested, searched, deprived of their money and goods, and sent from court to court and prison to prison, till at last, by ones and twos, they were permitted to steal out of England, and William Brewster followed the last of them to Amsterdam. This was in the year 1608. For some years they stayed in Holland, first at Amsterdam and then at Leyden, most of them learning new trades to earn their living by. It was indeed a very hard struggle for most of them, but they clung together, and were greatly comforted by their pastor John Robinson. 'Never people on earth lived more lovingly together,' wrote an English traveller. The Dutch people made them most warmly welcome and soon found that they were to be trusted in all things. After some years their peace was rudely broken by the news that the English Ambassador was searching for William Brewster. It appeared that King James had taken offence at two books which Brewster had been the means of printing and sending to England, with the result that the King tried to persuade the Dutch government to make Brewster a prisoner and send him to England. Once more, therefore, William Brewster was a fugitive. The Leyden Puritans knew what this meant for their trusty leader, and aided by them Brewster managed for more than a year to evade his pursuers. Two other thoughts weighed heavily with the Leyden puritans. The first was that their children, growing up in a strange country, were in danger of learning foreign and uncouth ways. The second was the fear that soon their Dutch friends might be compelled to drive them away because of political changes in Europe.

Where then should they seek a refuge. They could not return to England for fear of arrest, so they began to think of the New World, and after a time they got permission to cross the Atlantic Ocean and settle in America, somewhere to the North of Virginia. Many months passed before all things were ready for so great an undertaking, but by September 6th, 1620, all was finally ready, and the 'Mayflower' sailed from Southampton with nearly a hundred of the Leyden Puritans on board. For nine weeks they were buffeted about in the wild ocean, suffering great discomfort from want of room and from exposure to the gales; and when early in November, they landed upon an unknown part of the North American coast they were heartily glad to set foot on land once more. Here a new set of trials faced them. They had to make friends with the native Indians, to carve out homes for themselves in the virgin forests, to provide food for their families, to make laws for the government of the little community. Gentle John Robinson had been too aged to face the long voyage, and the brave Brewster, who had endured and risked so much, was the man the pilgrims naturally turned to for advice. He therefore was appointed leader. With them also went Brewster's close friend, William Bradford, who wrote a full account of their experiences which you will do well to read some day; also John Carver, who was made the first civil governor; and the famous Miles Standish—a brave soldier about whom Longfellow has written a charming poem. He became the military captain of the new community, defending it from attack, driving off the Indians, and leading all kinds of risky expeditions to spy out the land.

But I must leave you to read about the experiences of the pilgrims in other books, of which I will mention two. One is a delightfully simple and brief story, told by Miss E. Rosalind Lee; the other is a large and completer book by Dr. John Brown. If these are not enough to exhaust your interest, get Bradford's history of the Plymouth Plantation. He wrote of what he saw and went through, and all that he has to say about the brave Pilgrim Fathers is full of interest.

X.—John Robinson

The leader of the Leyden pilgrims was John Robinson, a man of wise and gentle spirit, and worthy to be included in the roll of our heroes of faith. For though he did not cross the Altantic Ocean with the Pilgrim Fathers, he it was who encouraged them and kept alive their resolution and their faith. He, too, had suffered for conscience' sake. We know very little of his early life, but we find him admitted as a student of Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1592. He must have been a brilliant student, for six years later he became a fellow of his college. He might very easily have secured preferment in the church if he could have silenced his conscience; but he chose the more strenuous life of a Congregational minister, though that was illegal, as we have seen. He settled at Norwich and soon became 'utterly reverenced of all the city for the grace of God in him.' But his goodness and wisdom did not save him from persecution, and we read that both he and his congregation were harassed by fines and imprisonment. Then he became co-worker with the aged Richard Clyfton among the Scrooby Puritans, and soon won their trust and love, as he had won that of the Norwich folk. He it was who helped William Brewster to send away the pilgrims to Holland, and together they remained at the post of danger till the last of their friends was safe. It was fortunate that Robinson joined the refugees, for after two years troubles arose about the way in which the affairs of the church were managed, and the Scrooby people felt that it was wiser to withdraw to Leyden and worship in their own congregational way, with John Robinson as their minister. There they lived for twelve years; there they built a religious home where they might worship, and where John Robinson lived. There some of them married, William Bradford among them, and there children were born to them. There Miles Standish joined them, and Edward Winslow, both being attracted by the beautiful character of John Robinson. What a splendid testimonial to the grace and piety of John Robinson and to the character of his people! After twelve years in Leyden the Dutch people said of him and his congregation: 'These English have lived amongst us now this twelve years, and yet we never had any suit or accusation against any of them.' At the end of those twelve years, as we have seen, the time came for a fresh pilgrimage.

Farewell Words

Worn more by his anxieties than by his years John Robinson felt that he had better stay at Leyden with the aged and the weak, but before the pilgrims departed they all gathered in the meeting-house to hear his words of fatherly advice and benediction. William Bradford has preserved for us some of those precious words, and they deserve to be remembered, so full of trust and hope are they. He reminded them of their vow as the Lord's free people to walk in all his ways, made known or to be made known . . . whatsoever it should cost them,' telling them to keep an open mind for 'It was not possible that full perfection of knowledge should break forth all at once.' He followed up these wise words by a loving letter in which he urged the pilgrims to cling together, work together, and love one another, and to think kindly of people holding different religious opinions from their own. He longed to be with them, and hoped to join them later. This wish, however, was never fulfilled, for the brave and gentle pioneer passed away at Leyden a few years later, loving and beloved by all

ARCADY AND THE ARCADIANS

W. G. PRICE

'BEAUTIFUL for situation is Mount Zion.' So likewise is the little town of B——, as those forgotten forefathers who in Domesday times fashioned its name clearly realised. Nestling securely in one of our English valleys, B—— is always beautiful. Every changing garb of the seasons suits its accommodating complexion, and its smile—to use a colloquialism—is the smile that won't come off. But never perhaps is B—— quite so beautiful and becoming as on such a day and in such an hour as this which finds me standing on the old bridge that spans its swollen river while 'the year's at the Spring, the day's at the morn,' and when 'morning's at seven.' From a neighbouring garden the

heavy scent of wallflowers rolls across the bridge. A steep bank rising suddenly from the garden is gloriously crowned with forest trees and, through the fresh green sward that clothes the rise, patches of flowering gorse push themselves obtrusively, the flaming gold touched by the morning sun suggesting an explanation of the patriarch's burning bush. On the other bank of the river the town reclines at the feet of a semicircle of hills, sending up into the still air as the only sign of its wakefulness a hundred twisted columns of blue smoke. For the most part its houses—quaintly gabled and picturesque—are the legacy of a long past. They rise into view here and there, from amid an intermingling mass of many-shaded foliage which happily assists the mellowing effect of time, while the hills in the near background and on either flank, enriched with the chaste white of numerous cherry orchards and the gayer tints of the apple-bloom, make a setting to the town at once rare and exquisite—' an apple of gold in a picture of silver.' Down the river and along its upper reaches on either bank the hills continue, every rise capped with forest trees, with here and there in sheltered hollows stretches of white and pink—the promise of the harvest. Beautiful indeed for situation is B——. And beneath the arches of the bridge—a Telford masterpiece—the river pours its steady flood. Above, ' the embodied joy ' is letting down his ' silver chain of song.' The cuckoo's double note is heard, the rooks are loud in their importunate chatter. And over all, and upon all, the sun shines down as it can only shine on a day in May when memory is charged with the sombre contrast of departed winter. Beautiful B——! Surely, thrice happy the people who can dwell in thy green pastures and beside thy still waters! What a school for thoughts that are pure and true, and lovely, and of good report, and for the faith which has voiced itself in the modern psalm!

> 'God's in his heaven
> All's right with the world.'

Near by on the bridge stood a group of young workmen, apparently natives of this nether Eden. Most of the group were sons of the soil, the corduroys warm-hued with the stain of the rich red sand characteristic of the neighbourhood. The carpenter was there, his apron rolled about his waist, his frail—from which the jagged blade of a saw protruded—upon his shoulder; the blacksmith, with his brawn and grime and the leathern symbol of his craft; the miller's labourer, blanched of dress and ruddy as to countenance. The group was animated. Every man seemed equally swift to hear and speak, and one fell to wondering what the fruitful topic could be.

During the recent war in the Far East—so report has it—the invariable theme of conversation when Japanese soldiers met together in the intervals between the carnage was the national code of honour. What was the favourite topic here in B——among its happy Arcadians, cradled in peace and reared in loveliness? What could it be—theme for the first fresh hours of the morning—but the theme of the beautiful?

It was no matter for surprise that the members of this interesting party should break off their animated conversation occasionally and eagerly scan the distance below the river—surely a sign of their appreciation of the paradise in which their happy lot was cast. But disillusionment came on swift wing. From the distance a flight of birds came in sight. As they rapidly approached, excitement seized the group on the bridge, and as the birds flew overhead and made toward their cotes in the embowered town, every man—the carpenter excepted—rushed away in the same direction. The Arcadians were assisting at a pigeon-flying match.

I turned my steps from the bridge—it was now breakfast-time—suffering from a mild attack of pessimism. I was distinctly disappointed in my Arcadians, perhaps unreasonably so; for after all, what is wrong in the love of pigeons and their ways? Besides, there is room for the love of the beautiful alongside our pastimes and hobbies. Yet, as I went homewards, I could not avoid contrasting my Arcadians with the city dweller who tries to make his tiny backyard, set in a mass of bricks and mortar, beautiful with ferns and plants, most of them treasure-trove from rare excursions into the country. And the words of a lover of the beautiful came to mind, ' Ye cannot say lo! here, or lo! there, for the kingdom of God is within you.'

A TEACHERS' SYMPOSIUM

F. ROBERTS

WELL has the May of the poets vindicated itself this year, even in Liverpool. We are 'in populous city pent,' and yet we have been acutely conscious of the passionate change of the year. We have felt Pan's pipes in our blood; we have known that not so very far away from the dusty racket there are copses and hedgerows and faint primrose beds and pleasant paths through glades where 'the woods are merry and mad with mirth'; where we too—only we have lost the genius for it—might perform duly the old May rites to the rural Pan. But he and his rout have perforce gone on without us. And the wind carries on the whispering of the leaves, and the nightingales are singing, and the secret streams steal about the feet of the trees bending lovingly to look—while we anxiously evade motors and tram-cars and pace disconsolately the hot pavements. And then, the sun growing more insistent, have come yet bolder thoughts: of his splendid leap over mountains and sea and flowery shores where we long to be and live.

But he has truly done for us all he can. The very Mersey has thrown off austerity and burst into fantasy. Steamer and barge and ferry glide over a multitudinous smile which vies with the Mediterranean for glitter. Sky and sea at New Brighton are hyacinth blue. In the parks it is possible—yes, it *is* possible, if one goes secretly and alone—to find a corner full of leafy shadow, where the weariness born of the dust falls away, and there are joys about one, of elemental things that love and dim dreams—or are they memories?—of

> 'Magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.'

The pulse of the happy earth has beaten audibly even under this hard crust of the city. We have felt it and heard it and rejoiced.

An Uncommon Conference

And on May the 29th the sun shines gloriously all day, tempting from under roofs into the open. Yet a company, and not a very small company, gathers within the four walls of Hope Street Church Hall for still another of those meetings that seem to go better with dark days than those halcyon ones 'when wheat is green, the hawthorn buds appear.' Not for a meeting, be it understood, of the stereotyped kind, as Miss Florence Melly, exhilarating and breezy chairman as always, is careful to point out. This is a conference, and the object of it is to confer. A conference nevertheless must have a centre, and the magnetism of the centre accounts for the presence of so many dutiful but jaded meeting-goers on this perfect spring evening. The magnet, in fact, is the Rev. J. J. Wright, of Chowbent, who has consented—not to lecture to us with that omniscience which marks the speakers who are so benevolently ready to instruct us on every possible subject throughout the winter, but to talk with us on the same level concerning the perennial troubles of Sunday school teachers. 'Mr. Wright,' says Miss Melly, 'knows more about Sunday school teaching than anyone else. We are here to ask him to help us, and to help us out of our difficulties.' Miss Melly from long experience is aware of the ways of audiences, and proceeds to encourage us to seize without losing time the golden opportunity. 'Once,' remarks Miss Melly, diving into the depths of a knowledge of teachers both intensive and extensive, 'I was entrusted with the duty of intimating to a day-school teacher that, really, she could not teach. I began by putting a delicately sympathetic question concerning her special difficulties. "Difficulties!" protested the aggrieved one, "I have never had a difficulty in teaching in my life." If anyone does not ask Mr. Wright a question now that we have him here, we shall conclude he is like my teacher—he *has* no difficulties.'

This reduces us all to a horrified silence, which Mr. Wright breaks by quietly opening the discussion.

Cheerfully, cheerfully

'Let us begin,' he says, 'by striking a cheerful note. No good work is done by getting depressed over it. And indeed there is no need for getting depressed. When I was in that home of conventions, America, a year or two ago, I attended a convention where were assembled all kind of "ists"—Theo-philanthropists, Christian Scientists, and the more ordinary "ists" such as Baptists and Methodists, and so on. "There are all sorts of "ists" here," said

a man sitting next to me. "What sort are you? I," said the man, "am a cheerupperist." That is what I am going to be to-night—a cheerupperist. Indeed, there is no need for depression. England is pre-eminently the home of philanthropy. Is there any other country where so much good work is done for nothing—I mean work cheerfully done without pay or thought of reward? And the greatest philanthropists, to my mind, are our Sunday school teachers. They are not philanthropists for a moment, but for week after week, season after season, year after year, wet or fine, unpaid, uncompelled, unthanked, unrecognised, often to actual old age. A most honourable work indeed. So let us be cheerful! And as for the material that passes through our hands, we know that a human being, growing, evolving, developing, must have its changes and its imperfections. Let us be cheerful about our material. And then, think, that though we lose so many there are actually

As many Sunday school scholars as there are voters for Parliament

and before many years are out they will be voters themselves. Do you realise that the army of Sunday school teachers numbers as many as our Army and Navy? That is a very suggestive and heartening thought. So let us begin cheerfully. I do believe in the Sunday school, the institution through which we can effect the greatest good for the children of the nation. So in our talk we will lay the emphasis on the possibilities of our work as well as its difficulties.'

Mr. Lloyd Jones, modestly indicating himself as the least from whom it would be easy to go on to the more profound considerations to be offered by greater minds, sugges s a familiar difficulty in every school. 'Let us ask Mr. Wright,' he says, 'to deal with the elder classes, and tell us how to retain them after they have left the school.' Mr. Roberts suggests that as Mr. Wright's own scholars remain scholars until a late adult age, the answer shall be coupled with a consideration of the Guild.

'Yes, this problem has never been absolutely solved,' replies Mr. Wright. 'But with regard to it, is it not well first to ask yourselves the question:

What do you want to keep the scholars for?

If we want to keep them for our own purposes, that is not quite the highest motive, is it? We want always to keep the scholar himself and his good in sight. Of course, conditions vary so much in different places. There are two kinds of elder scholars: those who do stay in the chapel, and those who don't. As a rule we land them in the chapel at Chowbent, and we are glad. But—we are working for a much bigger thing than getting the scholars for our chapels. We are working to get them for the kingdom of God. And whether we get them into our chapels or not, remember we have had these young people under our influence, and through them the world outside. I have more faith in forming character than in reforming it. A section of them, however, will stick to us in any case; nothing can alter in some of them their loyalty to their school. As a bit of practical advice, I would say—Give them two things. First,

Give them something to enjoy.

They must be attracted, by a teacher, a comrade, an institution, or what not. This is not a low motive; it is good they should enjoy and be attracted by their school. Secondly,

Give them something to do.

Put them in office. Not necessarily teaching—they may not all be able to teach. Multiply offices; make as many offices as you can. And dare I say to teachers, does not the thing depend mainly on the teacher and his personality? The teacher is the friend of the scholar, as well as his guide and philosopher. As for the Guild, that is a very useful institution, and is a link between the school and the congregation. At Chowbent scholars over sixteen years of age form the guild; they are an assembly of young people, all belonging to the same spiritual family. They have here a larger kind of family life, full of "a sense of togetherness," as Edward Everett Hale used to say; and all the time the root of it is worship. We link it with religion, and at our fortnightly meetings we open and close with worship. Our guild is just the young life of the place, praying, working, and playing. What do we do with them? At our meetings we give time for social

chat; young people like to meet each other, tell their friends their plans, their schemes, their adventures, their experiences. We give them something to do; we manage to find work for most of them in connection with the school, the chapel, the group of churches, and the Van. We don't forget study; that has a binding effect also. Ours are not very literary folk, naturally, but we take literature which gives them an insight into great writing, which is in itself a higher education. We have done plays of Shakspere, for instance. One winter we read "Robert Elsmere," educationally and theologically. But we *play* as well. We dance, act, have our social evenings. Our guild, in fact, is like a larger home.'

Mr. E. S. Russell gives a short but succinct account of his endeavour to inculcate a spirit of helpfulness among the young people at Ullet Road Church. He has tried to get them to *do* things, mainly at the Missions. Their motto is

I. O. U.

their principle the idea of giving to the world rather than taking.

Miss Melly remarks that for her part she wonders not so much why the young people go but why they stay. She believes the main attraction is through a feeling of comradeship. It is that which keeps the young people together, and it is marvellous what they do for each other. Give them plenty to do, and make them fond of each other.

Unfair Influences

'In a large city like Liverpool,' says Mr. J. Hughes, 'another difficulty is bound to crop up. Our scholars are beset by outside influences exercised especially by the orthodox churches. For instance, some time ago my wife was anxious about the absence of one of her scholars. She wrote first; then she called. She found the little girl's parents had taken two lodgers—both of them curates. These gentlemen had made it their business to ask where the children went to school. They were so horrified on hearing they had been drawn into the Unitarian fold, that next Sunday they took the child with them to their own school. That seems to me extremely unfair and unjustifiable. What is to be done to counteract such unfair influence?'

'We have all experienced more or less this orthodox sheep-stealing,' says Mr. Wright. 'We ourselves cannot descend to those unfair methods and retaliate. But that seems an unusually flagrant case. It might have enlightened those curates if you had gone and had a talk with them—and perhaps extended the kingdom of God. Personally, I find it good to talk to the young people and appeal to their sense of loyalty—put a bit of steel and iron in them. However, such things perhaps stir us up for our good. We must not be at ease in Zion.'

The New Doctrinal Teaching

Mrs. Lloyd Jones says she does not blame the curates so much. We are to blame for not teaching more definitely our simple and beautiful views. Why was not the child able to reply to the curates?

'In my village,' says Mr. Crowther Hirst, 'we certainly feel the pressure of the Church of England. I do not so much complain of the taking of children as of the unfair and untrue statements that are made to the parents with regard to ourselves. I have suffered much myself—not long ago an ecclesiastical authority in the village stated that we were worse than infidels and Mohammedans. The only thing to do in such a case is to call on the clergy. I did that; representing that two men like ourselves were bound to work together, and should set an example to the place of Christian living and charity. So the thing ceased. A man is not reckless in statements when he knows he will be faced.'

Mr. Wright remarks that Mrs. Lloyd Jones has given a fresh turn to the matter. Certainly our young people should be armed by the teaching of our faith and its principles. He gives some interesting details of his own methods. He has hardly a scholar, he says, who does not know (not in a mere parrot-like way) what his school stands for.

There is a further discussion on this point. Some questions are asked with regard to the

Archibald System

and Mrs. Lloyd Jones describes her modified adoption of it for her infant class.

Mr. Wright is not quite in favour of this system. It does not do what the Sunday school exists for primarily,—the unfolding

of the spiritual. It is, in fact, only the kindergarten system over again—and the utilising of the scholars as a sort of pupil-teachers. He has his doubts about that.

Mr. F. Robinson emphasises the frequent failure to appeal to the psychological element in the scholar. The great difficulty lies in the adolescent period.

By this time the lateness of the hour forces itself on our notice. Mr. Dawtrey in appreciative terms thanks Mr. Wright for all his practical helpfulness and his inspiring words. 'They have made us feel that the work of the Sunday school teacher is as great and important as the work of the preacher,' he concludes.

Miss H. M. Johnson, in seconding the vote, says she is especially grateful for the note of cheerfulness set by Mr. Wright. She quotes a saying she heard in America: 'If your face wants to smile, let it; if not, make it.' In fact, he is a real benefactor who makes two smiles grow where was only one before.

The Garden of Life

'It was in my heart,' says Mr. Wright, replying, 'to do much more than I have done. It has been a joy to be here. And for my last word I will remind you of that lovely Eastern analogue—of someone standing in a fair garden and praising it. And the garden made reply and said, "I was only common clay, but roses were planted in me." So, friends, our boys and girls are common clay. That is the only clay there is. It is the something planted that makes all the difference. So we will plant in the clay to our hand the rose of reverence, the seed of wonder, the sturdy root of truth and genuineness. And then we may hope the common clay will become a very garden of God.'

So we go out under the night sky, beautiful over the now tranquillised city. And we feel that indeed it was good to be there. In those distant woods we were dreaming of, the birds must all be silent now after their happy day, and the little flowers folded and asleep. How wonderful is all the new young life! 'What is that Maeterlinck quotes?' says some one. 'Something like this, isn't it? It is well that men should be reminded that the very humblest of them has the power to "fashion, after a divine model that he chooses not, a great moral personality, composed in equal parts of himself and the ideal; and that if anything lives in fullest reality, of a surety it is that."'

'Is that it? Well, that is just what Mr. Wright was saying all the time, wasn't it? And his way seems easier, somehow.'

NOTES FOR TEACHERS

XII.—XXIV.

XII.—Human Power

A. H. BIGGS, M.A., LL.M.

(Reading: Ephesians vi. 10–20. 'And, having done all, to stand.')

In these days wrongdoers are too apt to excuse themselves by saying that their wrongdoing is the result of heredity or environment—that the sins or shortcomings of their ancestors have so tainted their blood that they cannot help doing wrong, or that their early training or surroundings have been so deficient or vile that it is not their fault that they are as prone to sin as they are.

In part this is true, but mostly it is false, and a mere shirking of responsibility, such as should shame the shirkers.

Certain diseases of body and mind do come from one's ancestry; some are incontrollable and all-powerful, and lunatic asylums and gaols become a necessity; some are controllable, though powerful, and those who are not so cursed must help those who are weak 'to stand.'

Certain diseases, too, of mind and body are generated by unhealthy surroundings, or deficient early training or unfortunate associations. These again are controllable, though powerful; here again the strong must help the weak 'to stand.'

But the weak must also make the effort themselves. You cannot forever prop a man up—one day you will tire, and then he must fall unless he exerts his own strength. This is true physically and morally. Teach a man to exert his own strength, and though weak he may yet 'stand'—if indeed he can never walk the road to some purpose as do stronger-minded folks. Every man, except the certain few hopelessly criminal or defective by birth, has the moral power within him to stand, if he will exert it. Else how is it that from a race of ignorant savages, addicted for

generations to habits of cannibalism and degrading superstitious rites, there suddenly arises a man of higher ideals and compelling force, a man not afraid to die for the new faith that is in him, a man who, though a victim to the old notions he combats, yet by his death wins what he lost in life, and seals the doom of the old habits and rites forever. If heredity and environment were the sole arbiters of a man's course in life, how did James Garfield, the settler's lad, become President of the United States; or Napoleon, the obscure Corsican lieutenant, Emperor of France? Both men climbed to power by exerting their moral strength. Each took a strong hold over all the forces within his soul, the powers which came to him at birth as his gift from God, and by his 'control' over himself, drove these forces into one strong channel in life, with the result that their force increased as it was concentrated.

Slaves who became kings

God gives man the tools, but man does the work; the powers certainly come from God, moulded and shaped, strengthened or weakened by ancestry and surroundings, but their direction and force are the result of man's will. God supplies, man directs. This is evidenced in history time and again; slaves have become kings by this very control of their powers, and kings, by lack of it, have sunk into slaves.

Turn to India, and Delhi—the centre and grave of the great Mutiny—which ended the rule of the Moguls.

Outside Delhi stands a minaret called the 'Kutb Minar,' the monument of Eibûk, the slave. Eibûk, of the broken little finger, the 'Polestar of the Faith,' for he was a Mohammedan, was slave to Shahâbuddin, of Ghor, who in 1193 made him Viceroy of India. The native Hindus fought to drive him out, but he took Delhi and made it his centre of government and base of operations. He became so powerful and effective a ruler that in 1205 his master sent him the royal drums as King of India. Next year also he was crowned at Ghuzni as head of the Mohammedan Empire, but this power we find he lost through intemperance, and so he was back in Delhi as King of India, where, taking himself in hand once again, he ruled justly and well, till his death when playing polo in 1210. It is still a proverb in Delhi, 'as liberal as Eibûk'—but with his generosity always went justice—the sign of a good king. His son Aram (the name means 'leisure') lost the kingdom through laziness, to Altamish, a slave, who founded a dynasty that reigned over India fifty-five years. Another slave followed to found a dynasty too.

So much for slaves who became kings, though it is not in Indian history only that we find instances. In Egypt so long ago as 2260 B.C. a Sudani negro slave named Nehesi, a brave soldier though born in chains, came to the throne, when the reigning house of Pharaohs were too feeble to rule, and by the force of a strong personality made himself a great king.

Kings who became slaves

Here we find the noblest next to the feeblest of the Great Moguls, arranged round a little chapter in the history of the Kohinoor diamond.

The founder of the Mogul Empire at Delhi was Baber (the Tiger), who about 1500 conquered the country held feebly by the successors of Altamish and Eibûk. He was called Tiger by his grandfather because of the fighting spirit he showed as a little boy. He had a furious temper, but also the sense to try to control it. At twelve years old he was a soldier at the head of an army of youngsters, fighting his father's battles; his father fed pigeons in place of ruling. Baber's motto, as he grew up, was 'If a father has done wrong, the son should change it for what is right.' He came to his kingdom at Delhi, through obedience to the highest impulses. The Ranee (or Queen) of Chittore sent him a bracelet or ribbon of silk and gold, which was known throughout India as a token of the 'call of the brotherhood.' By an unwritten law of chivalry and honour, he to whom it was sent must go at once to the aid of the sender. Chittore was besieged, and at its last gasp; to reach it rivers in full flood must be crossed. Baber's men were checked at the river bank, but Baber plunged in on his horse, and swam across at risk of his life to the other side. Some three hundred of his men followed him, others were drowned, the main body went home; but Baber went on. The besieging force had relied on the rivers to stop him, and were therefore taken by surprise and routed. Chittore was relieved, the brother-

hood bracelet returned to the Ranee, and she in gratitude gave her deliverer the Kohinoor diamond as a reward. The fame of this exploit spread widely, and in twelve years Baber was master of the Kingdom of Delhi.

Intemperance ruins kings

Like Eibuk, however, once he became king he relaxed control over himself, and became quickly a drunkard, and his army, following his example, ineffective and debauched. There arose a Hindu champion, one Rajah Sanga of Mewar, and before his well-drilled advancing force Baber and his army had to give way. Defeat sobered Baber, and showed him his vice in its true light. Calling his chieftains to his tent, he set out all his jewelled wine-cups before them, and pointing out the cause of their defeat, and the impending ruin of their empire unless strong measures were at once taken, solemnly renounced his drinking habits before them, and threw the cups one by one into the river. His chieftains followed his example, both leader and men pulled their better selves once again to the fore, the advancing foe was met and defeated, and Baber's kingdom was once again secure.

Then in the height of his power came a new test from God. King he was outwardly, was he really king in his own soul ?

His son Humâyun fell ill ; there was no hope for him unless blood from a strong living man could be passed into his veins. No one about the court volunteered to risk his life for the dying prince. Baber, who never asked folks to do what he would not do himself, promptly lay down by his son's side, a connection was made from his strong body to the prince's enfeebled one, and with the passing of his life-blood the prince recovered, but Baber died. Only forty-nine, and at the height of his power, but the first and greatest of the Moguls !

What a pity that Humâyun who followed was not a king in character too. He came to the throne in all the splendour of fame as Baber's son ; he contracted the habit of taking opium, and became a slave to it. Sher-Khân, a slave, who aimed also at kingship, gathered a strong force together and laid siege to Chittore. The Ranee sent the bracelet of brotherhood to Humâyun as she had sent it to his father. Humâyun answered the call indeed, and faced Sher Khân's force, but not to fight, only to parley. Whether the opium was responsible, or only Humâyun's coward-heart, sapped of its inherited moral strength by the drug-taking habit, who shall say ? There was a night attack by Sher-Khân's force, Humâyun's army was routed, he himself was forced into the river to escape, and was only saved by a water-carrier, who bore him out to the further side on his inflated water-skins, and who as a reward was promised, and allowed in later years, to reign for one day as king in Delhi. Then the defeated king, possessing only the Kohinoor and his turban, vanished into the wilderness to wander for many years in constant danger and pressing want, till at last the Kohinoor purchased him the help of the Persians, and by their victorious army he was put back in Delhi on the throne of his father. But though once more king in name, he was still in nature a slave, for one night as he sat on the roof of his palace the Muezzin's call to prayer sounded from the minaret of the mosque, and the old gentleman, muddled perhaps with opium, and hurrying down the stairs to reach his praying-carpet in the room below, missed a step and crashed over the unprotected edge to the floor beneath. He was picked up dead, and so vanished from history the feeblest of the Moguls, the king who became like his father, a slave, but who, unlike his father, chose, when friends put him back again on his throne, to remain a slave rather than be king in character as well as in name.

The Kohinoor

is perhaps not a bad index of the lesson to be learned from these two men's lives. Like all diamonds it lies hid in the heart of the hardest rocks, and must be dug out and sought before it is seen. So in all men and women there lies hid a noble kingliness of character, a bright shining godliness, which nothing can dim or destroy. But though God put it there, man must dig it out, and not only dig it out and set it in a crown to wear, the crown of a good life, but keep it there when set. Drop it to earth in any careless moment, and it is soon buried once again in the dust. Drop once in a careless moment the high character within you, and the dust of

the world soon hides it, and it must be sought and dug out once again. Find it, prize it, keep it, are the watchwords for man in the search for the godliness in his own soul. God gives the rough diamond, but man fashions it into a jewel. God gives the tools, but it is man who uses them—God meant them to be used for good, but if for good or evil depends on man's choice and man's action. This is the secret of man's co-working with God, and here lies in consequence the responsibility, greatness, and importance of human power.

XIII.—Human Duty

(Reading: Luke ix. 18–29. 'Take up his cross *daily*, and follow me.')

Now in what way and at what times are we to exercise this power so as to use it as God intended we should?

This is, of course, difficult to know, and if our conscience, which is God's voice within, does not tell us which of our many impulses we ought to follow in order to do the most good, then we must turn to the records of the best life we know, and see what Jesus himself thought and taught to be the best way of helping God.

Three Principles of Duty

He says three things in one short sentence: 'If any man would come after me, let him deny himself,' that is the first; the second is 'let him take up his cross daily'; and the third 'let him follow me.'

And these three differing injunctions have been instanced by holy men's lives in three great stages of advancing human thought, which seem to correspond with the three thoughts Jesus thus uttered. And the first stage was naturally the result of 'let him deny himself.'

This was so big a thought, and so new, that we find the earlier saints of the church thinking that they served God best, and imitated Jesus best, by denying themselves all pleasures or joys in life, and cutting themselves adrift from their fellow-men, living thereafter as hermits in the wilderness. So when we come to read the lives of the saints, those whom the Church has taught men to remember and honour as the holiest men and women, we find the earlier saints mostly called holy because they became hermits and cut themselves off from their fellow-men.

St. Simeon Stylites

lived on pillars for the greater part of his life; first on a small one, then on a higher one, and at last on a higher one still. At first he had lived chained to a post in a lonely cave, but he quickly found himself the resort of all who were diseased, who, touching him, thought themselves healed; and so, in order to escape all contact with men, and meditate undisturbed, he mounted his pillar, and sat aloft alone.

St. Antony

went into the desert, and lived alone there for very many years. And there are countless others who as hermits thought they were serving God and following Christ.

Denying themselves the joys of life seemed indeed at best hardly sufficient, and we find the later hermits cruelly lacerating and wounding themselves, so that, in this way, they might approach a little closer to the sufferings of Jesus on the cross. They denied themselves not only the joys of life, but also the freedom from pain and sorrow which those who served God in righteousness thought they deserved and would obtain.

But later we find

A Better and Wider View

of Jesus' teaching. Truly these hermits denied themselves, and by their self-inflicted sufferings took up their cross as they thought Jesus had done, but it was felt that the result was not what had been expected. The world wondered, admired, and in a few instances copied, but as a whole was not moved largely to realise that in this form of self-renunciation and torture lay the hope of man's progress and growth towards God.

Therefore they read Jesus' teaching once again and found that to the older version of his words 'take up his cross' had been added in St. Luke's version the word 'daily'—and with that began a new line of life.

Saints there had been, of course, who had carried the old teaching of self-denial to its logical end, namely, denial of life itself in the cause of God and in imitation of Jesus.

The little unknown maid of Auvergne, known to us as

St. Reine

who at Alesia, the former stronghold of Vercingetorix, suffered death rather than abjure her belief in Christ, was only a type of many, who dared the great venture rather than be false to their faith. Telemachus flinging his life away to stop the fights in the Coliseum, St. Denys martyred at Montmartre near Paris, St. Alban in England, St. Stephen at Jerusalem, St. Peter and St. Paul in Rome—history is full of brave men and women, who 'took up their cross' for Christ and God.

Live for the Faith

But men asked themselves this question—is one act of devotion sufficient to ennoble all your life; is one act of self-sacrifice for others sufficient to excuse you from any further self-sacrifice all the days of your life; can you be unselfish for one minute of one day, and still make a happy home where you dwell aloof and self-absorbed all the long years God gives you? Of course not, and so the appreciation of Jesus' teaching broadened and deepened, and folks who desired to be as he was, and live as he lived, found their greatest happiness in taking up their cross *daily* and living every hour of every day for others. That is why the later saints' lives appeal more to us in these days than the lives of the hermits or even the heroes and heroines who died for the faith. It is a far harder and nobler thing to *live* for the faith, to be true to it day by day and hour by hour, than even to die for it, strange as it sounds.

St. Sebastian, when a member of the Emperor Diocletian's bodyguard, became a Christian. Diocletian was then busy persecuting Christians, and dooming all he could hunt out to a terrible death. Amongst Sebastian's comrades were two young men who were, in secret, Christians also. Suspicion fell upon them, and Diocletian himself accused them. They were tempted to deny their faith, when Sebastian bade them

Be bold and avow it

and indeed avowed his own as an example. He was sent out to be shot to death by arrows, and in old pictures you will always see him set against a tree with arrows piercing every part of him. He was left for dead, but recovered, and could easily have remained in security unsuspected all the rest of his life. Most men, who had suffered once so severely, would have done so; not so Sebastian. He met the Emperor one day on one of his inhuman persecuting raids, and boldly denounced his cruelty to the Christians. For this of course he suffered torture and death, but one can see that he had advanced a stage from the conception of Jesus' teaching as 'take up your cross' to something much nearer the true thought, 'take up your cross *daily*.' For him one act of self-sacrifice did not make the Christian life, the cross must be borne bravely at all times.

St. Etheldreda is another saint who thought the same. She is an early English saint, and more known to us by her contracted name of St. Awdrey—especially in the old fen-land.

You know how we talk of tawdry finery or lace; we do not think or remember that in so doing we are talking of 'St. Awdry finery or lace,' such, in fact, as used to be sold specially at St. Awdry's fair,' on St. Awdry's day. To-day the term tawdry is one of reproach, but it was not so in the old days, and the English saint it commemorates, who was by birth an English princess, earned her title to reverence and remembrance by a long life of good deeds quietly and regularly done day by day in the Spirit of Jesus.

And here we touch on the third thought in the lesson we are considering. It is not enough to deny yourself to life and be a hermit; Jesus was no hermit. It is not enough to 'take up our cross,' or our duty 'daily,' for that only means doing bravely what comes along, and though heroic and praiseworthy enough, Jesus did more than that. We must in addition 'follow him,' that is, step out for ourselves along the road he trod,

Take Action,

go out as he went out from home to seek and save those who are lost. This is a much bigger task, and a much greater thought, for to do one's duty bravely and uncomplainingly day by day should, we think, be enough. It is, of course, a great thing done, but it is not all.

Jesus in his earlier manhood did his duty to those at home. Early left, as has been wisely conjectured, fatherless and

poor, he as the eldest son had his duty first to them and to his mother; but when they were grown up and at work for themselves, a bigger task opened for him—the duty of helping his less fortunate fellow-men in body and soul.

St. Christopher, we know, earned his name by his fidelity to this very duty. He was a big, strong man named Offero from Palestine, and he vowed, so the story goes, that he would serve none but the greatest in the world. He took service first with a great Lord, but soon found that his master trembled before the powers of evil then identified with Satan. So he left him and sought out Satan and took service under him. Then one day, the story goes, he found the Lord of Evil himself cowering before a cross. Satan feared Christ. Thereupon Offero left him in disgust and sought out Christ, but at first could not find him. He came at last to a great river rushing by with terrific force; there was a ford, but the torrent was so fierce that folks feared to cross. An old man whom he asked for direction to Christ could tell him no more than that there were many folks trying to get over to the other side of the river, and if he were to use his strength in helping the feeblest through the torrent he would do something practically useful, whilst waiting for Christ to come. Offero went down to the ford, and in the darkness found a child crying for help. The child had stepped down into the river, but was in danger of being carried away and drowned. Offero picked him up, and placing him on his back, faced out boldly into the torrent. It was so fierce and turbulent that even his giant strength hardly sufficed to carry him and his burden to the other bank; besides, the boy on his back grew heavier at every step he advanced. When he set him down in safety on the opposite bank he remarked on this fact, and received for reply the startling answer, 'Your burden may well be heavy, for you have been carrying the woes of the world.' He looked up in surprise, and there before him stood not the boy he had borne to safety but Jesus himself. In bearing the burdens of those poorer and weaker than himself, he had found the great leader he was seeking, and earned his name 'the Christ-bearer'; for Cristo-fero, from the Latin 'fero—to bear,' is the name he is known by now all the world over. He then, in those old days, had found out the real 'human duty.'

Deny yourself, the worst side of you, and keep it far from your nature. Yes; take up your cross daily, your daily duty, in all perseverance and fidelity, but besides these two teachings of Jesus, remember most to be faithful to the third and best, 'follow Jesus,' and go out to seek and save that which is lost.

XIV.—Human Faith

(Reading: Ecclesiastes ix. 11–18.)

It would be easier to do our duty if we could always be sure that when we were trying to ease the burdens of the world and help men and women to be better and braver and happier, we were working not only as Jesus worked, but as God wished us to work. Sometimes when we look round to see whether God's purpose in the world is progress from worse to better and so to best, or something quite the opposite, we are not at first at all sure; there is so much apparent evil and injustice. That may be, of course, because we cannot see the whole of the picture, or perhaps because we wilfully look at it sideways instead of from the front.

When we read the book of Ecclesiastes we feel that the writer, whoever he was, had a great many doubts and thoughts like our own. When we know just how things stood in Palestine at the time when he wrote, and how he had wished them to stand, seeing what a noble ancestry and cause the Jewish people had had, we see that he had good reason for not being sure whether God's purpose was always good.

The Jews had faith in their destiny

The book was written about the time, two hundred years before Jesus was born, when the fortunes of the Jewish people seemed at their lowest ebb. The writer no doubt believed in the Jewish destiny as the 'chosen people of God,' whom God had brought out of the land of bondage, Egypt, into Canaan, especially to make them a great nation. For a time at any rate God had been as good as his promise. The Canaanites had been defeated, and Palestine their country had under Joshua become the country of the Jews. There had been a glorious era for the race in the time of Kings David and Solomon.

A Conquered People

Then, because of the sin of the people, first there had been the civil war and division into the kingdoms of Israel and Judah, then the Assyrians had swept down and annihilated the kingdom of Israel, and taken the leading Israelites captive, and put a servile alien race in Samaria, their capital; and afterwards Judah, despising the prophet's warnings, had fallen to Nebuchadnezzar the Chaldean king, and the Jews there also had been led off into captivity. So had Jerusalem fallen, and the chosen people suffered for their sin.

Cyrus the Persian

When they had repented in exile, Cyrus the Persian who had become the conqueror of Babylon and all the Assyrian and Chaldean Empire, sent them back to build the new Jerusalem and re-organise the government of their native land. There had been the new temple, the new wall, the new law, the new start in life for the repentant Jews. For a while all had prospered; God was again favourable to his chosen people.

Alexander the Great

Then the Persian Empire had fallen before Alexander the Great. The Greek Empire swept over the Eastern world, even to India, and disintegrating on Alexander's death, had let loose on Palestine the Syrian

Antiochus Epiphanes

under whose tyranny the Jews had once again been crushed to the ground. The temple had again been destroyed, idols set up for enforced worship all over the land, and the Jews forced to suffer in silence and wonder why God had punished them thus again; surely after all the battle was to the strong. Allies they had none, prospects they, as a nation, had none; despised and rejected of God, so they thought, they groaned under the tyrant's heel.

The Unconquerable Hope

In their hearts, however, they knew that God's purpose could not really be that evil should triumph. True, such injustice apparently abounded on every side that all they could say was that 'time and chance' ruled the lives of men, and might as easily fell the strong as the weak, and crush the evil with the good. But why it all was they no more knew than we know at first why pain and sorrow come to us, and trouble falls upon those who deserve it least, whilst prosperity brightens the path of the manifestly wicked. So Ecclesiastes, the Preacher, could only say 'Wisdom is better than strength, than weapons of war,' and add, 'nevertheless the poor man's wisdom is despised.'

Yet he had actually the key to the answer at hand, and indeed almost turns it in the lock for us to open the door, and see into the house of Truth; he tells us of a little city defended by a poor wise man against a great king so bravely and well that the great king was defeated and the city was freed. But he did not see the significance of the fact he had recorded, because he could only see the background of the picture, the past history of the race, and backgrounds must be dark at times to throw the foreground into the necessary relief. We who live so much later in the world's history can see some of the foreground, which has been filled in since Ecclesiastes' day, and can in consequence get a better idea of the purpose and plan of the whole.

Let us note two great lines that run right across the canvas: (1) the special significance of the Jewish notion that they were the chosen people of God; (2) the position geographically and politically of the land of Palestine, which God, they thought, had given them to possess.

A Great Idea

The Jews as the chosen people kept sacredly in their heart of hearts the idea of God, not as a stock, stone, or idol, but as Spirit, invisible, intangible, but omnipotent, who must be worshipped in Spirit and Truth. This was a great idea, the great idea for which the Jewish race lived, struggled, were exiled, exalted, degraded, disintegrated, scattered all over the world; it was the life and soul of all that was best in their history and their best men. So great an idea was it that to-day it has carried us all into a far happier and better and diviner life than was ever the lot of the most intelligent of all races, the Greek, or the most active and practical people, the Roman, with their worship of nature or reason. With the Jews it lived always, even in the blackest days of idolatry, as

the secret of their national existence, the one tie or bond that made of a race of nomads a people with a message.

Advantage of Palestine's Position

And Palestine their country was, as we shall see if we look at a map, pretty well in the centre of the then known world. Remember there was then no Suez Canal, and the chief trade was done by caravan. The caravan routes from Babylon to Egypt from north to south, and *vice-versa*, ran through Palestine. The caravan routes from Persia to Tyre and Sidon, or across to Asia Minor and Greece and the West, came comparatively close to the northern boundary of the Holy Land. What country could be more fortunately selected for a race that had a message for all mankind to learn? What message, held tenaciously through all disaster for generations, could fail to spread east and west and south and north as the caravans came and went? But it was not only cast abroad by the medium of the great trade routes. Placed as they were at the centre of the universe, the Jews were bound to feel the wash to and fro of every empire that rose and fell around them. The Assyrians and Chaldeans swept over them, and when the Jews returned to Palestine, still clinging to their great idea, they brought with them a system of law, and the germ of a shrine or temple in which to enshrine it, as their heritage from Babylon. But did not the great idea perhaps permeate Assyrian life whilst the Jews were with them? The Persian Empire swept over Babylon, and Palestine, the appendage of Babylon. The Persians with their worship of Ahura Mazda, their belief in the rival powers of Good and Evil in constant warfare, but with the Good ultimately always triumphant, added this view of life to the great idea; but may not the great idea itself also have influenced them? The Greek Empire swept over the Persian, and the worship of the powers of nature in various forms and under various names, threatened to dethrone the one God of Spirit and Truth, whom the 'feeble Jews' enthroned as their Lord. But with the worship of natural forces came also the worship of man's great power, Reason, Wisdom—the force that is better than weapons of war or of strength. We can feel the Greek influence at work in Ecclesiastes; but is not this worship of reason a step to the worship of the indwelling God, who is no other than the God of Spirit and Truth? If the Jews grafted that notion on their own great notion, may not their great idea have travelled far and wide wherever the Greek arms prevailed? And when Antiochus the Syrian fell upon Palestine, and the poor Jews found themselves again disintegrated, crushed, abused, and thrust under foot, was it not that the great idea should travel out once again over a new world not then known? It happened as follows.

The old Kingdom revived

'There was a little city,' the city of Midon, set on a hill half-way between Jerusalem and Joppa. Here in the days of Antiochus' tyranny dwelt Mattathias of a royal ancestry amongst the Jews, but now 'a poor wise man.' There came Apelles with a decree from the great king, Antiochus, ordering an idol to be set up for worship in the Temple which Mattathias still kept sacred to God. Mattathias struck it down, and with it the apostate Jew who had been ordered to set it up. 'Then came the great king and besieged that city and built a great bulwark against it.' And Mattathias and his five brave sons, known to history as the Maccabees, fought him back, defeated him, and delivered the city; and not only that city but others all over Palestine. It was a hard four years' campaign, during which, on Mattathias' death, the leadership fell to Judas Maccabeus his son, who drove the Syrians far and wide and purified and re-consecrated the Temple at Jerusalem. The old kingdom of the Jews was revived. God seemed to fight on their side once again against the idolaters. But the lesson does not end there.

The Great Idea again

The great idea had suddenly, like the Phœnix, risen from its ashes to be again the spiritual life and force of the despised and downtrodden race, but before he died Judas made alliance with the growing power in the West, the Roman, and by so doing unknowing flung the great idea into the great carrying and consolidating machine which was to fix it west and east for all time in the hearts of unknown barbarians in an unexplored world.

The little Jewish kingdom sank again speedily, as the Romans trod them under foot, and Judas' noble fight seemed doubtless to observers as futile as all the struggles of the Jews. The Romans had little sympathy with Christ or with his teaching, which in a new form set the great idea once again on the wings of the wind. But they conquered the world and consolidated their power, and where their arms went there went also the great idea, till to-day it is the accepted life-spirit of millions of souls.

But the Jews, the chosen people, have no national home, none of their ancient glory, no chance of re-establishing their ancient shrines in their old promised land. Perhaps they wonder at God for treating them so, and perhaps some rebel at times, and wonder why disaster should so persistently dog the deserving who have given their all for the great cause. We do not; we can see here on the large canvas of history a greater purpose worked out, a life-spirit of the soul kindled the wide world over by the disintegration of the little fire that once burned so hotly at the hub of the world, a salvation of mankind accomplished solely by the downfall of a race.

All honour to the Jews for clinging so tenaciously to their great idea of God; and all honour to God, who in his wisdom from the worse brings out the better, ever tending onward to the best. Have you no faith in God's good purpose through all and in all? Take a large view of life, a glance at as much of the picture as you can see. 'The battle is not to the strong, for wisdom is better than strength.'

XV.—Human Chance

(Reading: Luke xix. 1–10. 'To-day is salvation come to this house.')

THE story of Zacchæus the publican only begins in the Gospel of Luke; it finishes in Rocamadour, the quaint hill-town in the south-west of France. For Zacchæus, the little publican, the collector of taxes who did not oppress the taxpayers and extort unjust payments from them as did the other tax-collectors, had in him that one good spot which touched by Jesus, burst into a live soul and made him a saviour too, though in a foreign land.

Why Tax-collectors were hated

The tax-collectors in the time of Jesus were, under the Roman rule, peculiarly hated by the Jews, because they were usually Jews who had accepted the Romans as their liege lords, and who had thus obtained the privilege of collecting the taxes, promising to render up a certain sum as the tax collected for their district. But once this sum was rendered up they were not bound to account for any surplus they had managed to extort from the poor over-driven Jewish taxpayers, and in consequence there was widespread tyranny and injustice whilst the tax-collectors became rich men. They were in consequence mostly unprincipled time-servers, and justly hated by their fellow Jews, who still clung to the hope of a revived Jewish kingdom, and hated the Roman rule and all its minions.

The call to Zacchaeus

Zacchaeus, however, was obviously better at heart than the rest, and Jesus' sharp eyes soon saw that no ordinary publican's soul was in the little man, who would go so far as to climb a tree in order to see him. Perhaps he saw that even if there had been evil-dealing in his past life, he at any rate by his eagerness to seek out Jesus showed that he then desired to amend. So he honoured his house that day, though all Jericho stared and scoffed; and with justice, for the little tax-collector admitted that where he had wrongfully extorted money he had restored it fourfold, and besides gave of his sufficiency to those who had none. So that day his chance to be a better man came, the call from God to the depths of his soul, which comes to all men and women at some time in their lives. And he took the chance when it came, and all that was good in him rose at the touch and trust of the Master into a bright spirit of life, and from being a sinner he came, though late in life, to be a saint.

Rocamadour is the queerest town, perched round and upon a great rock, which is really one side of a giant cut or gulch in the table-land of South-western France. At the foot of the rock is the main town, and half-way up, reached by a long flight of steps, is a second portion of the town, chiefly hotels and inns, and right up atop is the bishop's palace and the

shrine of St. Amadour, after whom the town is called Roc-amadour.

Who was St. Amadour

or St. Amator, the lover or saviour, as the Latin has it? He was one of the most ancient saints in the history of France; his good works amongst the poor and distressed in the neighbouring districts in the earliest days of French history after Christ's death justly earned him his title of the saviour of south-western France; even to-day his shrine is the Mecca to which countless French peasants go yearly in pilgrimage, often from far away, to catch in the memory of all he did some inspiration towards a better and braver life themselves. Who was he, then, this lover of his fellow-men? Zacchaeus, Zacchaeus the despised publican, so says tradition; Zacchaeus, who by the trust Jesus showed in the better soul in him, came after Jesus' death to work as Jesus did amongst those whose burdens he could help to bear. He justified Jesus' trust, and answered worthily the call of God which came to him that day at Jericho.

There is another interesting thing at Rocamadour. For centuries there had been a cavernous hole near to the rock, down which none had dared to go, and which it was believed locally led direct to the under-world, where dwelt all the most evil spirits that superstition said plagued mankind. A few years ago a young Parisian lawyer, M. Henri Martel, descended into this hole with a friend, and after dropping a long way into space at the end of a rope, found himself in a series of gigantic caverns, where great lakes reflected twinkling stalactites as they shone from the roof above in the light of the lantern he carried. His friend and he subsequently explored these lakes in collapsible boats which they had brought from above, and found the voyage one of great interest and pleasure. The dark hole so much feared was freed now of its terrors, and found to be

An underground palace

of great natural beauty, the light falling on glittering pinnacles hanging and projecting on every side. The cavern of Padirac, as it is called, is now almost as much a matter of interest as the shrine of St. Amadour above; and indeed its lesson is as clear and emphatic as is the story of Zacchaeus.

Many a soul is dark, and thought to be tenanted only by the most evil thoughts and desires; in reality, were a light from some more awakened soul to shine in on its blackness even for a moment, the darkness so feared and unexplored would be found to shine with the most unexpected and entrancing jewels, hard and enduring like the stalactite, and made to reflect the illuminating ray a thousandfold. So Zacchaeus' soul was called to life by Jesus' trust; so, too, no doubt, in our souls sleep brilliant lights to cheer the dark places of the world, and the still unexplored depths of other men's souls.

Yes; but how if the call from God has come and been gnored, if the chance came and was deliberately let go? Will God call to us again, will there be a light shining to stir the depths of our darkness?

In nature we find that

God is continually calling

until the answer is given as he desires. No ruin is left uncovered with nature's fairest upholstery—moss, fern, flowers, or creeper. The dead is not left for dead, it is only transformed into a new life, a life bright and strong rising from the apparently dead stock.

In Auvergne, some hundred or two miles north of Rocamadour, centuries ago the land must have been devastated by the most tremendous volcanic upheaval; the mountains of Auvergne are to-day of the hardest, most volcanic composition. But where craters once belched death and flame and lava, to-day there is silence and wealth. Yes, wealth; wealth of the earth, fertile crops, fertile grass-land. As Arthur Young, the brave Englishman who travelled through the district at the time of the great French Revolution, pointed out, these mountains are cultivated almost up to the summit, and certainly to a higher altitude than would be the case elsewhere. It positively seems as if the volcanic origin, the lava subsoil, the buried passion of life which produced the disaster, now provides the exact opposite, astounding natural wealth. From the heart of the blackest rocks, too, shoot the great springs, whose waters are known the world over for their healing qualities. At Royat they issue from the centre of what must have once

been a cataclysm with force sufficient to turn a mill. In this land, too, rugged, rough, piled high with unscaleable crags, have been born heroes who have served the world and France. Their name seems legion, every corner of the Auvergne country, the old home of the Arverni, who under Vercingetorix defied Cæsar till their defeat at Alesia, now known as 'Alise St. Reîne,' seems to ring with the name of a great thinker or doer. St. Reîne, Du Guesclin, Blaîse Pascal, Lafayette, De Bouillé, Desaix, Latour D'Auvergne, so the the list goes. Surely no one could say that God, Auvergne being ruined by fire, meant that a ruin it should always remain. No; just as the flowers and ivy cover the ruin, hide it, and use it as their basis of life, just as the scorched, stricken land becomes fruitful and blossoms like the rose, and from the depths of darkness and destitution spring the healing waters of life, so from any dark soul, however stained and apparently ruined, may come again a braver, better, more useful life, a saint where a sinner was called.

God calls, but it is for us to answer.

God provides the life, but man cultivates the arid soil. Auvergne owes almost as much perhaps of its recovery from desolation to the steady persistent industry of the French peasant as to God. So in every soul God sends the light to call it to life, but man makes it to live indeed. There is a chance then, a human chance, a chance always to rise again from a fall, but it is for man to take it and use it, to accept it gladly, and in the spirit and example of Christ 'work out his own salvation.'

XVI.—Look Up

F. J. GOULD

Scores of men and women hurried into the station, bought tickets, bought newspapers, bought refreshments, questioned guards, called to porters, found seats, changed seats, and at length settled themselves to quiet and ease in carriage corners, with thoughts of a lunch in the train, a snooze, a dip into a novel, a welcome at the end of the journey from the waving pines or brook splashing down the hillside, or the long musical roll of the sea.

And how few of the passengers looked up as the train was waiting to start.

Why look up?

The glass roof of the great station at Paddington needed some kind of repair. It was necessary to stretch a huge canvas below it to protect persons from the dropping of paint, chips, broken glass, and the rest.

A group of labourers were engaged in fastening the immense grey awning across the roof, tying it to beams, so that it curved in big folds like the sails of an old-fashioned ship. In order to go from point to point the men had rested long planks, about twelve inches wide, across the beams. Sitting astride on beam or plank they knotted stout ropes; then crept along beam or plank, and knotted again, and so on. A mistaken move one way or another would have meant a fall of some sixty feet, and a maiming for life,—perhaps death.

Somewhere about 1885, I visited a large and crowded hall in London, where, at a certain stage of the evening's entertainment, everybody looked up, and we all wondered. An elderly Frenchman—the famous Blondin—was holding a long balancing-pole as he stepped slowly to and fro on a tight-rope. Music sounded; many lamps flashed; and we all wondered. This same Frenchman had once walked on such a rope across the roaring Falls of Niagara; and all America and Europe wondered.

Without music, without spangled costumes, without admiring crowds to behold them, the Paddington labourers straddled the roof-beams and wormed their way along the dangerous planks; and if anybody looked up, the passing glance had no wonder in it. They were only risking life and limb in order to clean and mend a roof and fend off snow and rain from the folk below.

Look up,—yes. Look round about you also. You shall see the wives in the houses as well as the men on the planks of peril. At grey dawn the eyes of the women wake to the work of the long day, if indeed they need to wake; for perchance the call of a child has broken in upon the slumber of the night. The kitchens glow with the new-lit fires. Children's voices ring from room to room. Busy hands of women prepare the morning meal. Fathers have gone to field, factory, shop, railway, dock. There is a bustle and a hustle of baby-washing, and of dressing of maids and

urchins, and a babel of chatter, and a banging of doors, and a clatter of shoes on the path to the school. Tasks at class; tasks in the cottage; the learning of lessons at school; the anxious handling of money in women's hands; the careful buying in the market; the dropping of tears when the silver and the copper are too scanty for the getting of food and garments. Blessed are they who find poetry in the white and purple heather, the yellow gorse, the hills in the blue line, the sparks of light that dart from the hastening stream. Blessed are they who find poetry in women's hands, and in the love which scrubs, and brushes, and polishes, and washes, and mends, and sews, and darns, and cooks, and adorns, and plans, and suffers, and aches, and hopes, and fears, and waits, and yearns, and believes, and serves, and makes ends meet, and tires not so long as strength holds out, and toils till the sky glimmers with stars, and till the wind of the night blows over the waves of the far, far sea, and there is a hush, a sob and a remembrance, and the graves of mothers are green.

Stretch out your arms in emerald glory, trees of the springtide. Shine on the wayside bank, ye companies of happy primroses. Lift up your heads in pure white majesty, all ye Alps and rocky peaks, and spread your hundred colours in the sun, O all ye flowers of earth's many gardens; but your pride and your beauty cannot show so noble a thing as the love of labouring fathers, the love of labouring mothers.

It is the love that builds a bower of protection for the *Family*.

It is a love which builds up the wealth, and the manhood, and the womanhood, and the good name and history of the *Country*.

It is a love that builds the walls, and the pillars and the roof, and the place of science and music and vision for *Humanity*.

And it whispers . . . .
It sings . . . .

XVII.—Boys and Girls of the Bible

David (I Sam. xvi., xvii.).

H. FISHER SHORT

If any school-boy were asked what was the most important event of this year, he would answer at once, 'The Coronation.' The great topic of the past few months has been the crowning of the king, and many boys and girls wish they had been present at the impressive ceremony. We will devote the present lesson to the memory of a boy who was chosen king about three thousand years ago.

Though a man of rash and faulty character, David was a great king. Under his rule the royal and holy city of Jerusalem came into being and the kingdom of Israel was created.

Many years afterwards David's reign was regarded as the golden age of Jewish history, but the idea was largely a mistake cherished by loyal hearts that looked back from periods of suffering under foreign oppressors. David's Israel was by no means a perfect nation. It was neither as peaceful nor as prosperous as the later imagination pictured it. And as that patriotic imagination idealised the reign, so it magnified the king, viewing him not only as a wise and beneficent ruler but also as a pious hymn-writer and a saint after God's own heart. Wonderful stories were invented of his bravery, his tenderness, his piety, and his beauty, not only as king but also as youth and boy. And when, long afterwards, the story of his life was set down in writing, some of these stories were preserved in the narrative. Two of these stories will have our attention.

According to sober history David became king partly by prowess, partly by self-appointment, and partly by the will of the people; and the greatest achievement of his reign was to break for ever the Philistine yoke. But the plain recital of these facts did not satisfy the pious and race-proud chroniclers. Hence we learn from them that even whilst David was a shepherd, he was chosen by God to be Israel's king, and that while still a youth he slew the ten-foot champion of the Philistines.

Saul, the first king of the Israelites, by disobedience displeased his God, who not only rejected him but appointed another to reign in his stead. Jehovah, we are told, commanded the prophet Samuel to fill his horn, go to Bethlehem, and there anoint one of Jesse's sons as king. But Saul was still reigning, and Samuel was afraid of him. 'How can I go?' he said. 'If Saul hear of it he will kill me.' Jehovah therefore said, 'Take an heifer with thee,

and say, I am come to sacrifice to the Lord. Call Jesse to the sacrifice, and I will shew thee what thou shalt do.' Thus assured, the prophet obeyed his God. After giving them a blessing, Samuel called Jesse and his family to the sacrifice.

But he had come to choose a king, so he carefully scrutinised the young men, and when Eliab, the eldest, and evidently a man of striking presence, passed before him Samuel said within himself, 'Surely the Lord's anointed is before him.' But Jehovah said, 'Look not on his face or on the height of his stature; because I have rejected him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.' Then Jesse called his second son, Abinadab, but Samuel said, 'Neither hath the Lord chosen this.' The third son, Shammah, came next, but he was not the favoured one. Four other sons passed before the prophet in turn and, one by one, were rejected. Then Samuel said to Jesse, 'Are all thy children here?' 'There is yet the youngest,' was the reply, 'but he is away looking after the sheep.' 'Send for him,' said the prophet, 'we will not sit around the sacrifice until he comes.'

The lad was sent for, and when he appeared Samuel was struck by his fresh complexion, his wonderful eyes, and fine physique. And Jehovah said, 'Arise, anoint him, for this is he.' Taking the horn of sacred oil, Samuel poured it on the lad's head, and thus signified that David was the chosen of the Lord. And we read that the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon David from that day forward.

So runs the first legend; now for the second.

Some two or three years later the opposing armies of the Philistines and the Israelites were drawn up in battle array, and occupied two mountain sides that faced each other. In the camp of the Philistines there was a giant, Goliath of Gath, who was nearly ten feet in height, and wore a coat of mail about a hundred and sixty pounds in weight. He had a terrible spear with a head weighing nearly twenty pounds, and his armour bearer carried a massive shield before him. Day after day, for forty days, the giant strode forth and hurled a defiant challenge to the Israelites. 'Choose a man,' he cried, 'and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me and kill me, then will we be your servants; but if I kill him, then shall ye be our servants. I defy the armies of Israel this day.'

These words struck Saul and his army with terror; but a deliverer was at hand. It happened that the three eldest sons of Jesse were among the fighting men of Israel, and one day the father called David, who was still tending the sheep, and sent him to the camp with provisions for his brothers. Having delivered the food to the keeper of the baggage, the youth hurried to the ranks and greeted his brothers, and whilst he was talking with them, Goliath marched proudly forth and issued his daily challenge. David's interest was aroused at once, and on hearing the giant's words, cried indignantly, 'Who is this unholy Philistine that he should cast a slur on the armies of the living God?' This speech was not appreciated by David's eldest brother who, with a curl of the lip, said, 'What do you want here? Who is looking after the sheep that you may run away to see the battle?'

Hurt by the unbrotherly words the lad moved to another part of the field, still setting at naught the defiance of the Philistine, and at last word was taken to the king that one had been found who would meet the giant. David was sent for, but when the king saw him he said, 'Thou art not able to meet him; thou art but a youth, and he is a trained soldier.' David, however, was undaunted and told the king how, when a lion or a bear came and carried off a lamb of the flock, he pursued the beast and rescued the lamb, and how, when the enraged animal rose up against him, he smote and slew it. 'And,' said the eager youth, 'the Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion and the bear will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine.' On hearing these words the king said, 'Go, and the Lord be with thee.'

And so the shepherd lad, carrying his staff and armed with nothing but a sling, went out to meet the giant. On the way he picked up five smooth stones from the brook and put them into his wallet. Were ever combatants more unevenly matched?

On seeing the stripling, the boasting Goliath said disdainfully, 'Am I a dog that thou comest to me with staves?'

Cursing the youth by his gods, the Philistine cried, 'Come to me, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field.' Instead of beating a terrified retreat, as the Philistine doubtless expected, David replied, 'Thou comest to me with sword and spear and javelin; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts. This day will the Lord deliver thee into my hand, and I will give the bodies of the Philistines unto the fowls of the air and the wild beasts of the earth; for the battle is the Lord's and he will give you into our hand.' Boiling with rage, the giant rushed towards the youth, who as eagerly ran to meet his assailant. Taking one of the pebbles from his shepherd's bag David put it into his sling, and sent it with such force that it was driven deeply into the giant's forehead and he fell upon his face a corpse. Then, seizing the Philistine's sword, David severed Goliath's head from the body. Their champion vanquished, the Philistines were panic-stricken and fled for their lives.

Though Jewish romances, these stories are not without their value. They tell us how a suffering and conquered people loved and cherished the memory of the man who was once their valiant king. But what is their value for us?

We can best use them if we treat them as parables. And the lesson of the first is that every boy, however humble his station, may be one of the Lord's anointed, may be chosen by God for his great service. He may be as much a king as George V. or David himself. How? A wise man once said, 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty: and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.' To every one of us God has given a kingdom, but we are not all kings, we do not all rule. Your kingdom, mine, everyone's, is our life. If we are wanting in self-control, the slaves of folly, passion, or sin, then are we kings dethroned. But if we govern our life according to the law of the King of Kings, we are rulers indeed. Others may be mighty in battle and take many cities, but if we are slow to anger, quick to love, always ready to serve, ever faithful and true, then, in the sight of him who looks not on the outward appearance but on the heart, we are better than they. And though no prophet pour oil upon our heads, no archbishop place a glittering crown upon our brow, God himself shall anoint us with power, and crown us with conquering, enduring life.

The meaning of the second parable is plain. It may be expressed thus, 'God favours the brave.' Because David, the shepherd lad, was courageous with a right royal courage, Jehovah delivered him out of the paw of the lion and the bear and out of the hand of the boasting giant. Humanity is threatened and injured by evils more destructive than wild beasts, more deadly than armed giants. Can you guess what they are? Some of them are intemperance, gambling, dishonesty, cruelty, malice, meanness, cowardice, and laziness. Where these evils are powerful, men and women and little children are oppressed and enslaved and unhappy. The world, therefore, needs brave boys and girls who shall go forth in the name and power of God to destroy these enemies of the race.

But what can boys and girls do against such mighty evils?

If they are royal in heart and soul they are already on the Lord's side, which is the side of victory. If they are gentle, and loving, and sincere, they are already Christian soldiers. They do not fight with swords and spears, but with the weapons of goodness, of tenderness, of industry, of self-sacrificing affection. And if they are loyal to God and their earthly leader Jesus Christ, they will live to see the day when evil shall be conquered and when righteousness and peace shall prevail.

Six Lessons for Infants

DOROTHY TARRANT, M.A.

XVIII.—A Feather

CAN you see what I have in my hand? *A feather.* You all know where it came from—a bird. We must guess what kind of bird—large or small. You know how beautiful and soft a feather is to touch, and yet very strong too; and if you look quite close you can see that even the little threads that it is made of are tiny feathers themselves, with very fine threads coming out each side of them. It is a beautiful, wonderful thing.

Now what is a feather for? This long, strong feather served the bird in two ways

—it helped to keep him warm, and it helped him to fly. Think first of how his feathers *kept him warm*. *You* don't wear feathers, do you? You have clothes to wear—such a lot of clothes in winter when it is cold—and you take off your clothes when you go to bed; but the bird doesn't take his clothes off at all, they stay on him all the time. And just think how you get your clothes—you know that mother gives you them, doesn't she? She buys them or makes them for you, and puts them on you herself. Do you think the little bird's mother bought his feathers to put on him? No; she took care of him in very many ways, but she did not make his dress for him. The One who made that was God, our Father and the little bird's Father. It was God who gave him his warm feathers, so soft and wonderful.

Now what else was this long feather for? To help him to *fly*. That is something the bird can do; but you can't, can you? Sometimes boys and girls pretend to fly, and wave their arms about, but they can't really do it, however much they try. And clever men sometimes go up in the air on big machines; but they could never get up there all by themselves. Yet the little bird can fly so easily, and so fast, with those strong beautiful wings. But how did he learn to fly? Baby birds can't fly at first, just as baby boys and girls can't walk. Do you think his mother taught him? No; she kept him nice and warm in his nest, and gave him plenty to eat till he got big and strong; but what do you think she did when he was old enough to begin to fly? Why, she just got into the nest where he was with his brothers, and pushed them out, right over the edge, into the air! That sounds very unkind; but the mother-bird knew it was just the right thing to do, because somehow God told her to do it for her babies. And when the little bird found he was falling over the edge of the nest, at first he was very frightened, of course; but just as he thought he would fall right down and be killed, somehow he found out he could stay in the air if he flapped his little wings up and down very quickly. And so he did, rather awkwardly at first; but by and by he was able to fly just like a grown-up bird. And the One who taught him how to fly, and not be afraid, was God, our Father. He taught him in some wonderful way that we don't understand, but the little bird understood every word.

We said just now that the little bird lived in a *nest* when he was a baby. It would take too long now to talk about those wonderful nests that the birds make for their little ones; but remember now that it is God who tells them how to do *that* as well, and they never forget the way to do it.

And one more beautiful thing the bird can do—he can *sing*. So can you, and very nicely; you learn songs and hymns from your teacher at school, don't you? But I don't think the little birds ever go to school at all, at least not in the way you do. Yet they learn to sing joyous, wonderful songs, all of their own; and their teacher is God our Father, who tells them how to do it in his own way.

Now let us learn our own little song about the bird and his lessons—

'I asked the little joyous bird
Who taught him how to fly,
And sing his song so sweetly in
The bright blue morning sky;
He told me it was God above
Who gave to him his wing,
And taught him how to build his nest,
And taught him how to sing.'

And then when we see a little bird flying about, or hear him singing, or find one of his soft, fine feathers, we will remember how wise and kind and good is the great Father and Teacher.

XIX.—A Bird's Nest

I have brought something very strange with me to-day to show you—*an old nest*; the birds that lived in it have done with it and left it, and so I was able to bring it away from the tree. Do you remember talking one day about 'the little joyous bird,' and how he lived in a nest, with his brothers, when he was a baby? Just suppose it was this very nest, and look what a beautiful little house they had. Very little, isn't it?—but so are the tiny birds, and there is just room for them. This house has not any top to it like yours, but then it was built in a tree, under the thick leaves, and so the rain did not get in after all.

This nest is made of a great many bits of different things, all fitted together. First the birds got some twigs, fairly long and strong, and laid them across and across in the place where some branches

of the tree met each other. That made a sort of floor for the nest. Then they got smaller twigs, and bits of straw, to fill up all the holes between the larger pieces; and they twisted them in and out very, very cleverly, to hold it all together. And then, because they wanted the inside of the nest to be very soft and warm and smooth, they looked about for all the softest things they could find to make a cosy lining for it—bits of dried grass, or tufts of wool off a sheep's back, that they found caught in a bush, or even a bit of rag of any sort, if they saw any lying about. And so they laid the little bits together, and smoothed and rounded it all into a beautiful soft cup; and see how wonderful the nest is, even now when it is old and done with!

I don't believe you or I could make a nest anything like so well as those little birds; and yet we have such clever hands to work. But the bird hasn't any hands, has he? No—the thing he does all his work with is his fine, sharp little *beak*; and somehow he knows just how to use it the right way, and to do things with it that *we* could not do with all our fingers and thumbs.

How many birds do you think it took to make this nest? Just two, always two—the *father*-bird and the *mother*-bird. In the spring-time, when all the birds began to sing again after the dark winter-time, the father-birds and mother-birds said to each other, in their bird-talk that we don't understand, that they must set about making their houses, each two together; and so they did. And why do you think they began to want a house in the spring, when they didn't live in one all the winter? Why, they didn't want the house for themselves at all—they built it because they knew that very soon they were going to have some little *babies* all their own, and they must get a soft, warm cradle ready for *them*. So you see the nest is more like a cradle, really, than a grown-up house, isn't it?

The father and the mother-bird knew this wonderful secret—about the baby birds that were coming, and the cradle they wanted—because the great, kind Father told them, the Father who gave them their feathers when *they* were babies, and taught them to fly and sing and love each other. He taught them, in his own way, to love their babies too, even before they came.

And when the nest was quite ready, the mother-bird laid some beautiful little round eggs in it—speckled, or blue, or white, each kind of bird its own egg—and then they still had some more loving work to do for the babies. For the mother sat on the nest for days and days, to keep the eggs safe and warm, and the father kept watch over her, and brought her things to eat; and so they went on until one day the tiny eggs went *crack, crack,*—and out came the wee new birds, ever so hungry to eat and grow big and strong. And the father and mother went on working for them, bringing them food all the day, and looking after them till they were nearly grown up. And then do you remember how they had to be pushed right out of the nest, to make them learn to fly? They did not want the nest any more after that, because they were quite grown-up—just as grown-up boys and girls have done with *their* cradles. And so they flew away into the world; and next year they will be building their own nests, in the wonderful way that God shows all the birds every year; and remember that it is because He makes them *love* each other, and *love* their little ones, that they are glad to do all this work for them.

'Love made the mother-bird build the warm nest
All for her babies, and Love teaches best.'

And don't forget what a great deal the father-bird does too—they just help each other.

I know some other little babies whose fathers and mothers work very hard and very lovingly for them—do you? When we are very small we have to have everything done for us, like the tiny birds in the nest; but when we are bigger *we* can do something, too, to help our fathers and mothers and say 'thank you' to them for our dear home and everything else that they give us; and that is the very best way to say 'thank-you' to the great, wise Father who cares for us, and the birds, and everything,—God who gives us all.

Rule and Order

XX.—Rules that are helpful

If you go into a busy street anywhere, you notice how all the carts, bicycles,

'buses, and everything that is going the same way keeps to the *same side* of the road; and so too with the people on the pavement—they 'keep to the right' in two lines. Why? Because people have found out that it is best to have a '*rule* of the road'—that they can all get along more quickly if they do it in a proper *order*.

What would you think if one morning on going to school you found the desks all 'anyhow' in the room instead of in rows, the books lying about instead of on the shelves,—everything in *dis*order? Of course it would be the very worst way of doing things, and not the best.

Just the same at home—things must be in order, and work and play must have *some* rules, at any rate, to make things go smoothly. There are rules for everything we do; ask mother about her sewing and cooking, and father about his work, and see if they do not tell you so. And we know it in our own pieces of work also, in school or at home. When a fresh task comes, we must begin by finding *rules* for it.

Did you ever try to work out a picture-puzzle—to put the little pieces in order, to make the whole picture? When our life and work is in disorder, it is just as foolish-looking as that mixture of colours and shapes before we work out the puzzle; but when we bring in order and rules, we make a beautiful picture of everything we do. 'A place for everything, and everything in its place.'

(Story.—See 'Nellie and John Henry and Eliza,' *The Helper*, 1899, pp. 108, 109.)

XXI.—Rules that seem hard

We talked last week about rules and order that help us to do our work better. Of course we are glad and ready to keep these rules, when we know how useful they are; but sometimes they seem very hard at the beginning, and there are some rules that seem hard nearly all the time.

The rule about 'keeping to the right' is hard if we want to stop and cross over to look in a shop window, and don't think about the other people who would find us in their way; and the rule about keeping home tidy seems very hard indeed if we are in a hurry to throw down our toys or books and run out to play.

The other day I wanted to get home early, and had to come in the train; and just as I got to the station a bell rang, and the guard waved his green flag and blew his whistle, and the train puffed away and left me behind. It would have been no use my running up to the guard and asking him just to wait while I got comfortably into the train; it was the *rule* for the train to start just at that minute and if it had waited for *me* all the *other* people, in the other trains on the line, would have been stopped and put to trouble.

The fact is that when we find rules hard and tiresome it is nearly always because we are thinking only about ourselves, and not about other people. In a game we have all to take our turn at being 'in'; and it is just the same with everything else in life. Rules and order are made because all the people in the world have to *fit together* somehow, and each must have his own little time 'in' and his time 'out.' When you have to sit quite still at school, and do as you are told, that is your teacher's time; and it is really your time too, because it is helping you to know more, but you find that out afterwards, perhaps. All people, big and little, have to do many things they don't like—ask father and mother, again, if *they* have everything their own way! But the happiest plan, really and truly, is to *keep the rules*, and so fit ourselves into the great picture of the world's work.

See 'Home Counsels' (G. Martineau), Chapter XI.

(Story.—A shipwreck; everyone eager to get saved, but sailors, true to their discipline, keep calmly at their posts, and influence passengers to be calm too. All rescued in the end, because content to *obey* the captain's orders. Constant *practice* makes people ready to obey in time of danger. Or any other story of discipline).

XXII.—Rules of the World

We see now that people make many rules, for themselves or for others. Some are easy to keep, some hard; but nearly all are useful in the end.

But there are many other rules in the world, much bigger than any of these, and in one way much more important. People often say '*Next year* I shall do so-and-so.' Next year, next winter, next week, to-morrow, to-night—we are always talking

of things which haven't come yet, but we are quite sure they *will* come, and can reckon up *when* they will come. Why? Because day and night, summer and winter, year in and year out, all come and go by great, sure rules, and those rules are never broken.

Just now the trees are covered with green leaves; a little while ago there were only buds. Very soon the leaves will fade and fall, and the trees stand bare in winter; but if we look closely we shall see the buds there ready for next year, and we *know* the spring will come in its time, and the summer after it; for this is one of the loveliest *rules* in the world.

There are rules of the sun and moon and stars; rules of tree and flower, of the life of 'all creatures great and small'; rules of our own life too. We keep growing up, and we could never make ourselves stop or grow backwards, however much we tried.

As with rules that men make, so also with the great rules of Nature (that is, the rules that God has made for the world); some seem quite pleasant, but some rather hard. If we put our hand too near the beautiful glowing flame, we are burnt; if the farmer does not save up his corn and fruit from the summer, in the cold winter he will starve; if we let our bodies be dirty and neglected, we shall be ill sooner or later. The difference is that *these* rules cannot be broken—we always have to keep them in the end; and generally, if we break one of the rules that men have made, we find it is part of a greater law, really, which we cannot escape.

It is just because the world does go by rule that we live from day to day, and can do our work and make our plans. People tell fairy-tales sometimes, about wonderful things which break these great rules—flowers springing up all at once, and men turning into animals, and all kinds of things,—but the most wonderful and beautiful thing of all is that the way of the world is '*ever* faithful, *ever* sure,' through the wise love of God who made it so.

'Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken
For their guidance he hath made.'

(Story.—'The Year's Story,' Hans Andersen.)

XXIII.—Rules that we can help to work

We saw last time how hard it is for us if we *break* any of the great rules of the world—how fire burns us if we touch it, and dirt makes us ill, and wasting things means wanting later on. 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' But this is true in a happier way also; and if we *keep* the world's rules, we are sure to be helped by them.

Although everything about us seems to go by rules, yet we ourselves have that wonderful power that we call *choosing*. We can help to start some of the great rules working. The engine-driver has a great many different handles in his engine, and he can turn any of them that he likes, at the beginning. If he chooses to turn one that will start the train going quite smoothly and not too fast, then all is well. But if he chooses another, and it rushes off at full speed, or if he does something to put the wheels all out of order, then there will be a terrible accident which he cannot stop. It is too late when he has once *started* it. If he likes, he may not start it at all; and then nothing will happen, good or bad.

Now we are something like that driver, in some of the things we do. You must have all planted *seeds* some time, in the garden or in pots. That is like starting the most wonder ul engine in the world. You can't make the seed grow yourself; if you pull it up to see how it is getting on, you only hurt it; but you can set it there at the beginning, or not put it in at all; and you can choose, too, what *sort* of seed you will plant. You may put in an apple-seed, and then you may be pretty sure an apple-tree will come up; or it may be a thistle-seed, and you know what sort of crop you will have then.

You can do something else, too, for your seeds—*help* them to grow, by giving them good soil and the right amount of water. When the gardener is looking after his plants, he is really *helping God* in his great work. The gardener cannot make things live, but he can help them to live in the best way.

We can see this in all parts of life, as well as in our gardens—how we can *choose* to help or to hinder the world. If we keep the great wise rules—the rules of fresh air, and kindness, and order, and all the rest—we make the world a happier place for everybody; but if we break these rules,

and start those harder rules working—the rules which come in to *teach* us not to go the wrong way—then we may make ourselves, and other people too, very unhappy. Shall we not try to help the world, and *begin in the right way* ?

' It never will rain roses ; when we want
To have more roses, we must plant more trees.,

And if we do plant the trees, the roses are sure to come.

(Story.—Two gardens : one well planted and carefully kept, the other carelessly planted and neglected. The one is full of bright, sweet flowers, and pleasant fruit, enough for the gardener and many other people ; the other has poisonous plants, and weeds, which do not stay where they are, but spread and injure neighbours.)

XXIV.—King Arthur

ELEANOR KENNEDY

MANY years ago there lived a king called Arthur. He was a very good man, and he had a company of knights who loved and served him faithfully. They were known as the Knights of the Round Table.

King Arthur lived in the beautiful county of Cornwall. There may still be seen, at Tintagel, the remains of the castle that was his home. It stands on a high rugged rock which is difficult to climb, so that you have to be very careful when you go up to see the ruins. The sea dashes up against the rocks, and when it is very rough it makes a great noise as though it were angry ; but it is lovely to see the beautiful white spray flying through the air. When the castle was perfect it must have been a very noble looking building.

At that time there were many petty kingdoms, each with a ruler, instead of one king for the whole country as it is now. Over one of these kingdoms Leodogran ruled. He heard of Arthur, the son of Uther, and sent to ask his help in restoring order and peace among his people.

King Arthur consented and went forth with his men and fought a great battle, winning the day, so that King Leodogran was very grateful to him.

Now as King Arthur had come along the road, on the way to battle, he had seen Guinevere, the daughter of Leodogran, standing at the castle walls. As their eyes met he felt that he loved her and that he would not be happy until she was his wife, so he sent three of his knights to the king, asking for his daughter in marriage.

The king could not answer at once. Guinevere was his only child. He loved her very dearly, and could not bear to give her to any man unless he felt sure that he was good and worthy of her.

He sent for some of his wise men and took counsel with them, and they told him many strange tales about King Arthur that they had heard from others.

Some said that he was not the son of King Uther at all, but only a low-born boy who was not fit to be a king. Others said that he was a mysterious child who had been brought on a huge wave to the feet of a magician named Merlin, one night when the sea was very angry, and there was thunder and lightning.

One of them told how Merlin and Bleys, two magicians, were watching the storm. They saw a strange ship shaped like a dragon, and the deck was bright with a crowd of shining people who seemed to be made of light. It vanished almost as soon as they saw it, and it was at that moment the tiny babe was gently dropped at the feet of Merlin. As he took the child in his arms they were both surrounded by fire, and Merlin seemed suddenly to know that the little one had been sent to be king in place of Uther, who was dead.

King Leodogran was not quite satisfied even then. He sent for Queen Bellicent, the half-sister of Arthur, who told him how good her brother had been to her when she was a little girl, and how good and wise a man he had become. She told how, when Arthur was crowned king, a wonderful sword, called Excalibur, had been put into his hand, a sword with a beautiful jewelled hilt that glittered and sparkled like fire, and a blade so bright that men were blinded by it, and it was this sword that had beaten down all his foes.

Then Leodogran slept and dreamt that he saw King Arthur crowned in heaven. He awoke and thought this king must indeed be very good and worthy of his daughter. He at once sent three of his trusted warriors to tell King Arthur that he might marry his daughter Guinevere.

King Arthur sent a company of knights with Sir Lancelot, his favourite, at their head to fetch the lady.

It was in the month of May and the

country was bright and fragrant with lovely blossom. Sir Lancelot and his men were a goodly sight in their shining armour and waving plumes as they rode through the country to the palace of King Leodogran.

They were received with all honour, and then the lady Guinevere was given by her father into the care of Sir Lancelot, and, attended by her ladies, she came to the Court of King Arthur.

On the marriage day King Arthur and Queen Guinevere were each dressed in spotless white, and the altar was decked with white may. They were very happy, and vowed to love one another until death, and all the knights rejoiced with them.

The hedgerows were white with sweet may blossom; and all the land looked bright and full of promise.

PRAYERS

JOHN PAGE HOPPS

God helps

O THOU who knowest us all—approving the teachable and obedient, pitying the sinful, waiting for the forgetful, and blessing us all, come and bring us into communion with thy gracious spirit, and gather us into thy fold.

What is our life, our Father, but a hurried journey? nothing abiding, nothing long the same,—childhood fast fading into maturity, and old age hastening to close the doors of life on earth for us all. May the thought of it make us considerate, watchful and sympathetic, and lead us to look beyond it all to thee. May we desire to begin, continue, and end all things in thee,—to meet and bear and enjoy all things in the light of thy countenance. Thou knowest we have our moments of shame and longing,—of shame and neglect for unworthiness, and of longing for the higher life. Deepen in us both, that we may feel our urgent need of thee, and be consoled by the deep heart-faith that we need never feel alone.

Befriend us in our deep necessity, and, when we try to take the side of our better selves, make us strong in our weakness, wise in our foolishness, steadfast in our wavering, and victorious in our hour of bitterest need; that we may know the joy of feeling that we are always with thee. *Amen.*

Life in God

God of our fathers, to thee the children come. They sought and found: O that we may seek and find, and make the place whereon we stand holy ground. May we see thee in all things, and chiefly see thee in all things beautiful and sweet and good.

When thy children are unselfish and strong or goodness, when they do what is just, and love what is pure, may we there see the shining presence of God: and, if we are called to work in lonely ways, or to do what seems only the poor work of the world, may we make even that beautiful because of our faithfulness, patience, and courage; and so fit ourselves for better things.

In all things, O Father, thou hast planted the longing for home and the need of it. Thy small wild flowers know their place, and love their home, and seem to grow heavenward with joy and patience in their appointed time, and make beautiful the uncared-for places, with God to understand. O that we could be as patient and as faithful, and find our true home wherever we may be beneath the light of heaven, and grow from our home, loyal and beautiful in our Father's sight, and in the sight of his angels to whom he giveth charge concerning us. *Amen.*

Drawn to God

Most loving Lord, by many things we are drawn to thee—by that which is highest in us, proclaiming us thine own, and by that which is lowest, revealing our need,—by thoughts of gratitude and the need of help, by the sense of dependence and the hunger of the heart for hope. Incline us all to make the great surrender of ourselves to thee, by choosing the way of righteousness and the life-work that will make us co-workers with God.

Teach us all to say, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name,' to say it from the heart, and then to live it, by giving all that we have and are to thy dear service.

May we discern the good hand of our God in all the familiar mercies of life—in the blessings of home, in the love of friends, in the persuasions of the wise and the examples of the good. May we

learn to look for thee in the heavens above and in the earth beneath,—in the work of the world, in the discoveries of science, in the desire to educate the young, and to improve the homes and work-places of the people.

May we all try to be willing instruments in thy hands, in helping to make earth more like heaven, that we may be thy children, in thought, and love, and word and deed. *Amen.*

Parting

Our gracious Father, we thank thee for this quiet day of rest, and for this peaceful hour. Because thou callest, we answer; and because thou hast put into our souls the desire to find, we seek.

May the thoughts that come to us here be remembered and chosen on other days and amid far different scenes;—when thankless tasks and ready temptations may make it hard to believe in goodness and in thee.

We thank thee for the voices that always call to us,—for those dear voices to-day, so easily heard when all is still—when only love urges and kindness pleads,—and for the voices that call us when it is so difficult to hear. We thank thee for the blessed quiet voices of conscience and reason, and for the clear and steady light within, or for the light which only begins to shine. May we cling to that light, and follow where it leads.

Above all, we thank thee for thy spirit which never ceases to help us to find our way to better things,—for the angel-voice within that pleads, and warns, and commands for thee. Help us to watch for that voice,—to listen and obey.

And now, may we know that in our parting to-day we part not from thee,—that thou wilt always be near us, to help and comfort, to encourage and save. In that faith, may we now go, with a cheerful spirit, to the toils and pleasures, the joys and sorrows of our way. *Amen.*

Those who make private property of the gift of God pretend in vain to be innocent. For in thus retaining the subsistence of the poor they are the murderers of those who daily want for it.—*Gregory the Great.*

The lives we need to have written for us are of the people whom the world has not thought of, far less heard of, who are yet doing most of its work, and of whom we can best learn how it can be best done.—*Ruskin.*

SYSTEMATIC INSTRUCTION

HERBERT E. PERRY

I MAY take it for granted that a large majority of the readers of the SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY are thoughtful and intelligent teachers. If you are amongst that number, you *must* have felt at times that some of the work at school was slip-shod and hap-hazard—not yours, of course, or you would not be thoughtful and intelligent! But that description does describe much of the actual teaching in our Sunday schools, does it not? You admit the soft impeachment; you cannot do otherwise! Then you will sympathise with an attempt which is being made by the Manchester District Sunday School Association to systematise the teaching in their schools.

The Systematic Instruction Committee issued a circular letter last December urging the schools to adopt a method of grading both in regard to the capacity of scholars and the teaching to be given. For scholars eight years of age and under the adoption of the primary department of the Archibald system was recommended. I cannot pretend in the small space at my disposal to explain the system, but I may say briefly that to carry it out satisfactorily this portion of the school should be a separate department with a specially appointed superintendent. Young children especially cannot be treated on the old-fashioned plan of cramming into them a certain amount of knowledge. The Archibald system proceeds somewhat on Froebel lines, seeking to draw out all the latent possibilities within the child. Knowing how impressionable is the soul of a child, it seeks by hymn, prayer, music, and exercise to create an atmosphere of religion around it. An interest in one another is fostered by means of the cradle roll and the birthday exercise. One of the essentials of the plan is that the scholars, during the absolute teaching part of each session, are divided into small classes of not more than five children. This sounds a difficulty, but in practice it turns out a blessing in disguise, as the elder scholars are drafted into the service and you then quickly solve your problem of how to find new teachers.

With regard to matter for teachers to use, the Committee approached the Sunday School Association, and after some correspondence that Association promised a

book of lessons, which has been written specially by Miss Tarrant and is now on sale.

Scholars up to and including eight years of age, practically the infants' department, are thus provided for.

The Committee then turned their attention to the preparation of a systematic course of lessons for the ordinary school. They have now published a plan of lessons to extend over six months, October to March. This plan, printed on a neat card, they trust will be hung up in every schoolroom in the district. It contains (1) topic, (2) reading, (3) hymn, (4) memory text. The subjects for the six months are grouped under six chief heads, one for each month, as follows: Man, God, Revelation, Jesus, The Christian Religion, Character. Each Sunday in the month has its special sub-topic, e.g., the sub-topics for October are (1) The Learner, (2) The Worker, (3) The Admirer, (4) The Discoverer.

In the middle of each month an eight-page leaflet will be issued containing full notes for each Sunday's lesson in the following month. The Committee are very anxious to help teachers in every way, because they recognise how many of them there are who have very little time for preparation. The lessons will be as simple as possible and will be graded so as to suit the different classes. Every teacher in every school in the district, except teachers of infants' classes, will receive the monthly notes free of charge. Superintendents will be asked to use as far as possible the hymn indicated on the plan for that Sunday, and to say a few appropriate words about it. What I should like to see in operation is a monthly teachers' meeting at which the month's notes could be explained by the minister or other suitable leader, and, where thought desirable, discussed. What a training it would be for the editor of our notes if he could attend a few such meetings!

Now fellow-teachers, will you continue to worship the Fetish of Freedom, or will you unite in a desperate attempt to make our schools more effective by supplying the scholars with suitable mental, moral, and religious nourishment. Every scholar who passes through our schools should have a reason for the faith that is in him. If he had we should cease to ask the question, 'What has become of our elder scholars?'

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

ION PRITCHARD

The Annual Meeting

THERE was an attendance of nearly one hundred delegates of District Unions and Schools in Essex Hall at the morning conference. The subject for consideration was 'Methods and Management in the Sunday School,' and the delegates had been invited to bring forward any method in teaching or class arrangement which had been successfully introduced in their schools and to report as to the experience gained.

The 'Archibald' method had been introduced in several schools, and was favourably reported on. As this method became the main subject of discussion, it is well to put down here its main features:

A competent leader.

A week-day preparation class conducted by the leader, to be regularly attended by the junior teachers.

The lesson for the following Sunday then to be prepared.

On the Sunday the full class assembles for the opening words of the leader, then breaks up into smaller classes of five or six scholars taken by the junior teachers for a fifteen minutes' lesson.

All then reassemble and the leader questions and speaks on the lesson.

The subjects taught and their treatment vary, of course, according to the ages of the children, but at present the method has been chiefly introduced in the infant class, ages five to eight, and much of the Kindergarten teaching is recommended.

Several schools have adopted some of the features without following out the method entirely, and delegates spoke of the quiet and order obtained where this had been done. Some adverse opinions were expressed. The lessons given by the young teachers would be too much of an echo, and an incomplete one, of what they had heard but really not thought out for themselves. Also, senior class teachers in the school objected to their scholars being taken away to act as monitors at a time of life when the teacher's friendly influence was most important.

The International Lesson Scheme of the Sunday School Union was favourably commented on by some delegates and

objected to by others. It was pointed out that if the uniform lessons were wanted, there were two lists published and sent out by the Sunday School Association gratuitously to every Sunday school, the Fifty-two Readings (very ably selected) printed on the Motto Card for the year, and also the Unity Scheme of Bible Lessons compiled by the Editor of *The Unitarian Monthly*.

One delegate objected altogether to the uniform lesson method being introduced, adding that in his opinion a variety in methods and teaching was of value in obtaining the best from teachers and scholars.

I described another method introduced in a school, a very poor one and in a poor neighbourhood. It had been at work over a year when I visited the school, and, I was told, had answered well. The scholars were in their classes—eight in number—when I arrived, and my coming as visitor was unknown to the teachers. There was a uniform lesson, one from Mr. Hawkes' 'Simple Talks about Religion.' The subject was 'Repentance,' and the chapter was being taken in the various classes. As I passed along, in one class a scholar was reading from the book, in another the teacher was the reader, and in another no book was to be seen; the teacher had evidently mastered the lesson and was giving it. There was a short half-hour class lesson, and then the scholars—about eighty—assembled in the body of the hall. A teacher, not the superintendent, took his place on the platform and proceeded to ask questions and speak on the subject of the lesson. Three main questions were put. What did the word Repentance mean? All hands up: 'Turning back.' After wrong-doing ought we to repent? Should we bear the blame and punishment or should some one else have to do so? No doubt as to the reply of the scholars. This question gave the teacher the opportunity of speaking of the orthodox idea of atonement.

The chairman, the Rev. Charles Roper, at the close of the meeting gave an interesting little resumé of the methods mentioned and the suggestions made by the twenty-one speakers who had in the few minutes' time allotted to each one contributed towards making what should be a very useful conference.

BY THE WAY

List of Books to be obtained at Essex Hall, which provide help for systematic courses of lessons on the subjects of Religion (Reverence), The Bible, Ethics, and Doctrine.

For Infant and Younger Classes.

Religion (Reverence). Hymn Lessons. M. Pritchard.
Infant Class Lessons. D. Tarrant.
First Book of Religion—Beacon Series. Lane.
Services and Prayers. Dendy Agate.
Bible. Biblical Picture-roll.
Book of Beginnings. M. Pritchard.
Jesus, the Story of his Life. Gregg.
Ethics. Do the Right. A. L. C.
Lesson Stories for the Little Ones. Dendy.
Doctrine. Our Faith. Marian Pritchard.
Hymns in Prose. Barbauld.
Hymn Lesson Sheets.

For Scholars Ages 9–14.

Religion (Reverence). Short Sermons to Children. Three Cousins.
The Children's Hour. Cooke.
Bible. Life in Palestine. Carpenter.
Bible Stories Retold. Herford.
Half-hours with the Parables. Hirst.
Hebrew History. Saunderson.
Childhood of Jesus. Gannett.
Ethics. Elements of Morality. Bray.
Life in Earnest. G. Martineau.
Outline Lessons on Morals. G. Martineau.
Doctrine. Simple Talks about Religion. Hawkes.
Lessons in Religion. Gillies.

For Ages 14 and upwards.

Religious Biography (Reverence). Story of Life of James Martineau. Hall.
St. Francis of Assisi. Cooke.
Dorothea Dix. Cooke.
Twelve Hymns and their Writers. Davis.
Bible. Method of Creation. Crosskey.
The Books of the Old Testament. Weatherall.
The Bible for Young People.
Three Stages of a Bible's Life. Gannett.
The Bible Wall Chart.
Ethics. Laws of Life. Mellone.
Successful Life. Dendy.
Moral Teaching of James Martineau. Hall.
Studies of Shakspere's Plays. Walters.
Doctrine. The Early Church. Thomas.
Fifty Points in Favour of Unitarianism. Hall.

* * *

Our Educational Institutions.—Manchester College, Oxford, has thirteen theological students, and six external students. The Unitarian Home Missionary College, Manchester, has ten students, of whom seven are taking arts courses and three theological. Channing House School for Girls has a full complement of boarders; boarders and day girls number sixty. The Willaston School, Nantwich, has on the roll the names of thirty-two boys; a good entry is expected in September. Our Sunday schools have on the books 35,615

scholars, of whom 10,266 are above sixteen years of age.

* * *

LANDMARKS IN RELIGIOUS HISTORY.—A. N. Blatchford, B.A. Sunday School Association, 1/- net, postage 2d. There is a solid, inspiring teaching in Mr. Blatchford's book, and no class from twelve years of age upwards could fail to benefit from using it as a text-book.

There are ten chapters, and each could, by an interested teacher, be made into three most helpful lessons. The book is not a mere list of historical facts; there is the religious interpretation of the facts as well. It is an appeal to the highest in man, and no one who imbibes the spirit of this book will ever be a victim of the compromising spirit. We have the story of men and women who lived, served, and died in defence of deep-rooted principles and convictions, and so clearly and sanely is their cause presented that the appeal is irresistible.

The origin of great spiritual movements like the Reformation and the principle underlying the diverse forms of that movement are made clear in successive chapters on 'The Dawn of the Reformation,' 'Savonarola,' 'Erasmus,' and 'Zwingli.' So great is the cumulative effect of the record of the suffering and steadfastness of men like Zwingli and Savonarola that we are made to feel how poor much of to-day's witnessing to the Truth really is.

The last two chapters deal with the Covenanters and the Ejection of the two thousand ministers in 1662, and although the issues are not quite the same as in the chapters on the Reformation heroes, they have a no less stimulating and inspiring effect.

The whole book is timely, and any young men's class which goes through it carefully and consults the books recommended at the close of each chapter, will soon find its humanity strengthened, because its love of freedom will be deepened.

* * *

REORGANISATION is in the air. Inquiries come in asking if we can commend any published series of lessons for the use of our schools. Of course we can. The Manchester District Sunday School Association has at great pains produced a sketch of lessons for six months, one set for scholars between 9 and 12 years of age, a second set for those between 13 and 16. Reorganisation usually begins in the Infants' Department and often stops there. The sets of lessons referred to will help towards the reorganisation of the teaching and training in the higher departments of our schools, and the monthly notes which are promised should be of great use to Unitarian teachers the world over. Another set of topics arranged with much skill by the Rev. H. Bodell Smith can be had from Essex Hall, price 1d. Printed on a single sheet, the scheme gives fifty-two lesson subjects. In each case the plan followed is pretty much the same, and there is given (1) The Topic, (2) The Reading, (3) Number of a suitable hymn, (4) Memory Text. Any reorganisation of the teaching of a Sunday school might advisedly take advantage of the notes which appear in this magazine, as well as of many of the articles which are calculated to set up a high ideal of faith and service and teaching.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

[These hints were found pinned up in one of our schools in the place where teachers congregate when lesson time is over. It would be a pity for them not to be known outside that school, so we publish them in the hope that they may become of more general use.]

I.

Your message must be the one central attraction. If it is so, you will never lack discipline.

To insure this result, note these minor points carefully.

(1) Sit facing your class, with *your* back to the wall, the class facing the wall so that no other class can attract attention.

(2) Dress unaffectedly and simply; attractive dress detracts attention. Follow the usual custom. If a lady teacher wears her hat in class, let her *always* do so. Alteration invites comment and unrest.

(3) Avoid being near open windows, doors, etc., or anything which may distract.

(4) Officers and teachers should observe tiptoe silence and sincere earnestness.

II.

1. Reconsider the Chief Point in the First set of Hints.

Then remember:—

2. A lesson must be *your* lesson and no one else's.

3. Never teach unless you are interested personally in what you say.

4. Every teacher must have his or her own personal store of knowledge, not only book-reading or bits of sermons heard, but something of his own, actually thought out. There is joy in making things yourself; so make ideas, and there is joy in your class.

Illustration.

'Is it not possible to have a big book, but a very small Bible? You can't teach the whole of this book. One of the Wesley family used to write "T.P," "tried and proved," opposite such parts of the Bible as had really become a light upon his path. That "tried and proved" portion is each man's real Bible. If we want to teach more, we must "try and prove more."' ('*The Teacher and the Child*," *Thiselton Mark.*)

III. LESSON PREPARATION.

Each lesson should be carefully thought out and prepared with notes, but if possible notes should not be used in class. Questions should be asked at the end of the lesson; these should not be left to chance, but prepared beforehand.

Each lesson should contain:

(1) An Introduction, (2) *A Central Idea*, to be driven home, (3) Illustrations of Idea, (4) Conclusion and summing up, (5) Questions.

Every answer by scholars must be used in some way in the work. Never say 'Your answer is wrong,' but turn the answer neatly to your purpose. Every child wants to help in the lesson; give every opportunity.

Thoughts to bear in mind during preparation.

1. What do I wish to tell the child (Central Idea).

2. What does the child know? (Some of your words may have no meaning to a child.)

3. How can I use the child's knowledge to develop—
   (1) Thought, (2) Appreciation of beauty, (3) Manliness and Womanliness.
4. What illustrations (stories, etc.) can I use ?
5. What books have I for reference ?

For Questions.

1. How can I test the result of my teachings ?
2. What new line of thought can I introduce ?
3. How can I invite answers ? (When answering is slow, ask a question for your own information, such as, 'Do you still learn Scripture at school ? ')

* * *

The Home University Library (Williams and Norgate; cloth, 1/- net).—If the popular publishers of the early part of last century,—Milner of Halifax, Pratt of London, Richardson of London and Derby,—could see the work of their greater successors of to-day their admiration would be roused; and if their readers—young men from smithy and factory and farm—could enjoy the advantages of their successors of to-day they would wish to have the chance of securing the books which are justly described as the Home University Library. This library is specially written by high authorities and its editors are men whose names are surety for good work. The library is to consist, as at present announced, of one hundred volumes, and we have seen the first ten.

The first book of the series, quite properly, in view of the present political unrest, deals with 'Parliament.' The author, Sir Courtenay P. Ilbert, Clerk of the House of Commons, has had exceptional opportunities for becoming acquainted with his subject. He corrects Bagehot in one or two points, so that this will be a useful book for those who are now studying 'The English Constitution.' It is interesting to be told that 'Parliament does not govern. Parliamentary government does not mean government by parliament.' The truth of this proposition is established in these pages.

It is so difficult to get to know just what political parties are fighting each other for, so impossible to believe all that is said at election times by excited partisans who would extol their own political programmes by decrying the merits of other programmes, that we turned with a welcome to The Socialist Movement by J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P. We remembered the late Sir Frank Lockwood's task when he decided to seek parliamentary honours as a liberal. What was a liberal ? In order to find out he deliberately set to work to read through many of the speeches of the old leaders of the party: there was nothing else to be done. What a task ! He who would know about the Socialist Movement and learn from a man who has thrown himself into it with heart and mind, needs only to obtain this book to find that 'Socialism proposes a change in social mechanism, but justifies it as a means of extending human liberty.' No better advocate of his political faith than Mr. Macdonald could have been selected for the preparation of this book.

Polar Exploration must appeal to thousands of readers who cannot in the nature of things stir far from their own firesides to verify their theories. Dr. W. S. Bruce, leader of the 'Scotia' Antarctic Expedition, writes from personal experiences during nine polar voyages; and from many personal conversations with living polar explorers during the last twenty years, including the veteran Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, who accompanied Ross on his voyage from 1839–1843. If from one point of view the world shrinks, the point of view of Dr. Bruce makes it clear that the world expands. When man ceases to explore the hitherto unknown he will be no longer worthy of his place in the Universe. The value of polar expeditions is unmistakable.

War and Peace. In a recent military biography we read, 'It is a misfortune of the first magnitude in the lives of soldiers to-day that the majority of our recent wars should have had their origins in purely financial interests or sordid Stock Exchange ambitions.' Mr. G. H. Perris in his *War and Peace* shows that financial and other considerations—the development of international law, the sympathy of organised labour in various countries, for example—will tend in the future to discredit war in the eyes of European nations. If he were not a writer on peace Mr. Perris might be expected to give us some interesting studies in military biography. He seems to have made the *Military Maxims of Napoleon* his own and sanctified them in the cause of peace. Advocates of the Movement will find this a useful handbook and their advocacy will be strengthened by familiarity with its contents. They and others might apply the following saying of Napoleon to the great social movement in which they are engaged—'Health is indispensable to war, and nothing can replace it.'

Modern Geography. Marion I. Newbigin, D.Sc., considers the world as the home of man, its physical peculiarities being regarded as interesting chiefly in their relation to man and his activities. Some of the lines along which research is proceeding most actively at the present time are set out, especially with regard to aspects of the subject not as yet fully treated in the smaller text-books.

Irish Nationality, Alice Stopford Green. 'In the Irish system we may see the shaping of a true democracy—a society in which ever broadening masses of the people are made intelligent sharers in the national life, and conscious guardians of its tradition.' This is a book for every Englishman to study.

The remaining volumes of the first ten issued are Shakespeare, by John Masefield; The French Revolution, by Hilaire Belloc, M.A.; The Stock Exchange, by F. W. Hirst; and The Evolution of Plants, by D. H. Scott, M.A., F.R.S. We should be gratified to think that all our Sunday School libraries were to have their shelves made more popular and useful by the addition of the volumes of The Home University Library. These books will attract thoughtful elder scholars, aid teachers in giving a wider application to their lessons, and, assuredly, encourage that enlightened citizenship which, from a spiritual point of view, our schools frankly seek to foster.